...tralian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

December 10, 1952 — 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Box 4098WW, G.P.O. — Vol. 20, No. 28

IT WAS A southern-style wedding when Miss Valma Tait married Peter Merrett of East Kew, Victoria. The lovely blue-eyed bride wore traditional bridal white — splendid praise for her soft brown hair, her clear glowing Pears complexion.



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She was successful to the extent that there are now Kenny clinics in 31 countries, even behind the Iron Curtain.

Three years ago when she resigned from the Kenny Foundation in Minneapolis, U.S.A., her place was taken by a doctor.

She felt this was at last tangible proof that sections, at least, of the medical profession had accepted her methods.

Now is not the time to go back over old quarrels and bitternesses.

All bitterness had vanished on Sister Kenny's part.

The unexplored territory in medical science is still immense, the need to relieve human suffering still great and urgent.

Sister Kenny must be numbered among the courageous venturers into that unexplored territory and among those who have made the relief of pain their mission in life.

Time will eventually assess her medical achievements.

Australia already knows Elizabeth Kenny as a great fighter, a great Australian, and a great woman.

Our cover:

● Our cover shows young English actress Dorothy Tutin in a scene from the shortly-to-be released film adapted from Oscar Wilde's famous play "The Importance of Being Earnest." This being our special end-of-year movie issue, there is also a color preview of "Earnest" on pages 8 and 9.

This week:

● Nineteen-year-old Jeanette Stewart, of Elwood, Victoria, who won first prize in the traditional Girl Contest at Melbourne's Carnival Regatta, Henley-on-Yarra (pictures and story opposite), entered the contest almost on the spur of the moment. "I made up my mind at 10 o'clock on Henley morning," she said. "Mum suggested I wear an ankle-length organdie frock that had been hanging up for ages, but I thought it was too old-fashioned. Then I remembered Mum's 50-year-old parasol, and we covered it with pink organdie to match the frock. The combination did it."

Next week:

● Dorothy Drain's devotion to fishing is shared by many other women, it seems. In Sydney a ladies' auxiliary to the N.S.W. Fishermen's Association has been formed, and the members recently had a day out on the water at Berowra, N.S.W. Next week we publish an amusing story about what happened, along with pictures in color.

● As a special Christmas fiction treat, next week we will give you the first episode of a romantic mystery novel, "The Millionth Man," by Frances Malm. "The Millionth Man," which takes you from London to Paris and the Swiss Alps, has a really surprise ending. We are publishing it in two long absorbing sections.

Two novels of adventure on the deep blue sea

Book reviews by HELEN FRIZELL

THIS week I submerged myself in two sea stories, "Fire in the Water," by Peggy Simson Curry, and "Come Away, Pearler," by Colin Simpson.

The first, by an American, is about Scottish fisherfolk and herrings.

The second, by an Australian writer, deals with people and pearls.

According to Peggy Simson Curry, Scottish fishermen cry "fire in the water" when herrings are sighted—and this cry becomes the title of her book.

Herrings draw attention to themselves by breaking surface in a flaming swirl of phosphorus.

Principal figure in the book, Rab McCrea, besides being lean, dark, thick-browed, and wide-mouthed, has also a "bold, jutting nose" which enables him to sniff out the seasons.

Rab and his fellow fishers need only breathe in once to know whether it's cod or herring in harbor. Life, in fact, is conditioned by fish and the water they swim in.

Rab's father meets death in that water, when it pounds against the rocks in a storm; it is on the sea that Rab finds a feminine rival, green-eyed, red-haired Sheila; to the sound of the waves life runs on in the village of Braw Glen.

And life is certainly eventful in Braw Glen, where the gossips chatter incessantly (in braw Scots) about Munga, a fisherman, and Jeanie McKrindle, Rab's not-so-good fiancee.

Peggy Simson Curry, whose grandfather was a herring fisherman, proves that salt runs in her veins. And medically speaking, salt and water go to make up every human body. If your salt content is strong and you enjoy fish and fisticuffs, "Fire in the Water" is a catch for your library list.

Published by Shakespeare Head. Our copy from the publishers.

FINDING a real pearl is difficult and dangerous work, states Colin Simpson in his first novel, "Come Away, Pearler."

And even when a pearl is found, much must be done to make it perfect. An expert, using a razor-sharp file, must shred off the outer skins until its shape is round. Then he must rub it lightly with fine emery paper to bring up the true pearly lustre.

If Colin Simpson had so trimmed and polished his novel, the result would have been a rounded, glowing story. Instead, he makes us dive deep among too many pages and non-essential chapters before we grip his pearl-bearing oyster.

Once found, the novel, like the pearl, becomes worthwhile.

The action takes place in the year 1890, and the settings move from Thursday Island to Darwin and Broome. There is fascination in the fight between the hero, Ty Calvert, and another diver beneath the waters of Graveyard Bay.

There is writing in the best sea tradition when Calvert's boat Sunbird is caught in a willy-willy off the coast off Broome.

So vivid are the descriptions of the waves and flying scud that one sees the storm through the salt-smarting eyes of heroine Leda Haslingden as she stands lashed to the mast.

People interested in Darwin of 60 years ago, now obliterated by time and Japanese bombing, will find that town here in the pages—a tropic port where the Chinese and colored population far outnumbered the whites. Those who like what they call "a rattling good adventure story" have one with an Australian background.

Published by Angus and Robertson. Our copy from the publishers.

Quote:

"Ah! What would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before."

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

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HENLEY - ON - YARRA. Gaily decorated canoes were a feature of Melbourne's gala regatta, Henley-on-Yarra. Real flowers outlined the canoes. Picnic lunches were a feature of the day.

Henley-on-Yarra carnival

More than 30,000 people flocked along the tree-shaded banks of the Yarra River for the most colorful Henley Regatta held in Melbourne since pre-war days. The city was in gala mood and pretty girls in summery frocks and big hats paraded on the lawns with young men in blazers, slacks, and boaters.





ABOVE AND BELOW: Spectators lined the banks of the Yarra River to see the rowing events, competitions for the best-decorated canoes and motor boats, a mannequin parade, and the judging of the Henley Girl Contest.

NOVELTY stalls, hot-dog stands, and refreshment kiosks did big business while the pick of the rowing crews from Victoria, N.S.W., South Australia, and Tasmania competed on the river.

At night thousands more people thronged the brilliantly illuminated river banks to view a spectacular fireworks display.

"This is my first Henley since I don't know when," said Viscount Bruce, of Melbourne, who presented the prizes.

He surprised the crowd in the members reserve when he appeared in a brass-buttoned yachting blazer and blue trousers, carrying the light blue cap he wore as a member of the Cambridge rowing crew.

For the first time since 1947 the Henley Regatta followed its original course established in 1904. Five years ago construction work on the recently completed Swan Street bridge forced the Henley committee to move the festival upstream.

This year the bridge was closed to traffic for the day and crews skimmed swiftly under it to finish the course at the judges' box, 400 yards down the river.

Gaily decorated craft made brilliant splashes of color on the water. There were trim motor launches sporting strings of pennants and paper streamers; flower-decked canoes, bright with cushions and drapery, competing for prizes in contests for the "best-dressed boats."

There was a nostalgic air of the '20's about the Henley Girl Contest, in which a record number of more than 100 competed. To such tunes as "You Made Me Love You," they paraded in the traditional full-skirted, low-necked frocks. Many girls also had parasols and picture hats.

Nineteen-year-old Jeanette Stewart, of Elwood, Victoria, who won the first prize, is a tall honey blonde with a fresh complexion. She wore a simple white broderie anglaise dress she made herself, with a white face-framing hat.

For contrast to the period charm of the Girl Contest, a fashion preview of 1953 sportswear was presented on the stage, where mannequins paraded against a background of Melbourne's skyline.



RECAPTURING Melbourne's first Henley-on-Yarra Carnival in 1904 are Charles White and Beryl Barry, cabaret stars who returned to Melbourne early this year after five years abroad.

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***THE QUEEN** and Princess Margaret arrive at a fashion parade in Claridge's Hotel. Our Coronation Contest winner and companion will see similar parades.*

CORONATION CONTEST

Extra £10 progress prizes again awarded this week

Because our Coronation Contest is meeting with such a huge response from readers, we have decided, for the second week running, to increase the number of £10 progress awards.

THIS week's award-winning entries are published on this page and on page 37.

Also on page 37 are the details of the magnificent prize list and instructions and coupon for entering the contest.

The Queen comes to tea

IF the Queen and her children came to visit us, we would try to give them as typical an Australian afternoon as possible. First, our house must be looking its best, with bowls of flowers for welcome in all the rooms.

People and interesting talk come first, but the setting, too, must be right.

The Queen would surely like to see over our home and perhaps rest a little after her long drive; then for a real picnic tea under the willows and elms by our creek, where buttercups and wild white daisies grow and the clover is thick and green—no better carpet to be had.

Across the creek are tall white gums; further down, oak, rowan, and poplar, with a group of hawthorn in full bloom, planted by settlers homesick for England.

The table must be brought from the shearers' quarters, freshly scrubbed, spread with a gold and white plastic cloth, a bowl of wattle, gum-tips, and wild clematis in the centre.

Cane chairs from the lounge for comfort, stools for menfolk and children.

For the menu: Real billy tea; sandwiches of home-grown tomatoes, brains, and vegetable extract on crisp lettuce leaves; cheese fingers, brown scones, whipped cream, home-made butter, strawberry jam, and honey from flowering box trees; and, for the children especially, a rainbow cake, caramel iced.

Chocolate fudge and meringues topped with whipped cream, sweet grated chocolate, and cinnamon.

Fresh creamy milk or home-made lemon syrup. All simple cooking for a country housewife, but the Queen must have our best for her choice.

For guests, the old Daleys, for he is a typical Australian bushman who can tell of droving in Queensland and horse-breaking outback, and show how to throw a boomerang, swing a stockwhip, and boil a billy without getting it smoked.

Mrs. Daley, shyness overcome, can tell of her mother's trip up country by bullock dray in the old days and of being held up by bushrangers.

The third guest would be Anne Brenner, for she is a cripple and this would mean so much to her. Besides, children and animals all love her.

She can bring her white cat, with its strange, lovely eyes—one cornflower-blue, one amber—and her pet 'possum, and show how the birds come, when she calls, to eat from her hand.

Afterwards, for the Queen, if she wishes, a short drive to see some of our animals and pasture improvements and work which has to be done to keep things going.

Perhaps we could find kangaroos to show her, too. The children could feed our pet lambs and ducklings and see the calves to bed, and if they are quiet at the creek pool they could watch the platypus playing in the water.

I hope they will see these Australian creatures in their natural setting and that they will leave us feeling they have had one real glimpse of bush life and its people.

£10 to MRS. N. R. CUNNINGHAM, Strachan, Deepwater, N.S.W.

Imaginary conversation

Elizabeth I: Well, Madam, what am I to call you? They tell me the Scots deny you the title of Second.

Elizabeth II: I take up no challenges, ma'am. I sign and speak for the most part as Elizabeth.

Elizabeth I: A pesky people, the Scots. We always had trouble with that Mary of theirs until we headed her off. And now, beshrew me, I hear of Welsh malcontents to boot. We'll all be back to the Heptarchy at this rate. Would a Prince of Wales pacify them, think you?

Elizabeth II: I might consult my advisers about that, ma'am.

Elizabeth I: God's blood, girl, have you advisers, forsooth, to keep you in leading strings? To me a Minister was what he is in Latin, a servant. "Little man, little man," I once said.

Elizabeth II: Yes, I have heard of that, but things have changed much since then. There was more heading off before those questions were settled.

Elizabeth I: And have you a Burleigh to be burly in your realm, yet make less stir than a Leicester? Doubtless you have heard of my saying that also.

Elizabeth II: Indeed, yes. But now tell me by what name would you have me address you. Your own poets had many a fair title for you.

Elizabeth I: Aye, Spenser named me Gloriana. Call me that, an it please you.

Elizabeth II: It's a lovely name. You used to play chess, I believe.

Elizabeth I: By God, I did, and with kingdoms for a chessboard.

Elizabeth II: And you, Gloriana, were mistress of the board, as the Queen in chess still is.

Elizabeth I: But a Queen, you remind me, who can never be mated. "I am a barren stock," I cried when Mary's son was born.

Elizabeth II: That, too, I remember reading.

Elizabeth I: Child, you are wondrous learned. And hence you perceive why you can be no direct descendant of mine.

Elizabeth II: Naturally not, ma'am. Shakespeare himself called you "a fair vestal throned in the west . . . in maiden meditation!"

Elizabeth I: Gadzooks, I knew that gentlewomen of this age be not so schooled in Greek and Latin as we were. Natheless, it pleasures me to find you so well aware of my sweet Will and certain of his fellows.

Elizabeth II: The poets of your day, Gloriana, are the pride of our literature. Do you know that I came to the Throne at the same age as you did?

Elizabeth I: That is so, and I trust your troubles will be less than mine. But, of course, you have "advisers." Ha, ha!

Elizabeth II: Yet this age, dear lady, has terrible perils of which you knew nothing. The Armada could not drop bombs on London.

Elizabeth I: Aye, 'tis a fearful thought. So much for that progress of which there was so much talk in Victoria's days. You know, of course, that she had someone—not Shakespeare, but Disraeli—to call her a fairy. He, he!

Elizabeth II: Oh, ma'am, are you pleased to be flippant?

Elizabeth I: I could easily be, and on Mary's subjects. But the dangers of your time oppress me. God give you strength and prudence amidst them.

£10 to MR. LANCE FALLAW, 118 Milson Rd., Cremorne, N.S.W.

Continued on page 37

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Story behind Canberra's Magna Carta



RUNNYMEDE. On this peaceful meadow, now a play area, the English barons pitched their tents and forced King John to sign the Magna Carta in 1215. It was reissued in the reigns of Henry III and Edward I. The copy now in the possession of the National Library, Canberra, was granted by Edward I in 1297.

Ancient document was found in Dampier's old classroom

Australia's newly acquired original copy of the Magna Carta is a new tourist attraction for Canberra. It is now on display in King's Hall, Parliament House, and will remain on view during the Christmas holiday period and into January. Attendants will guard the document, which is of priceless historical value, constantly while it is on exhibition.

THE Commonwealth Government bought the copy of Magna Carta for £15,600 from King's School, Bruton, Somerset, England.

The 400-year-old King's School, which stands among a cluster of picturesque stone cottages in a twisting street in the village of Bruton, has a link with Australia.

As a pupil, William Dampier, buccaneer navigator and one of the discoverers of Australia, sat only a few yards from the old desk in which this precious Magna Carta copy lay unnoticed among a pile of ancient deeds, leases, and early school charters.

This year is also the 300th anniversary of Dampier's birth.

Until two years ago very few people knew of the existence of this copy of Magna Carta. The school's librarian, Mr. Tom Tremlett, found it when cataloguing the old papers in 1936.

He took it to London, where experts at the Public Records Office pronounced it to be an authentic copy of the 1297 Charter granted by Edward I. It was issued by Edward of Carnarvon, Regent of the King, who was then absent abroad. As the King had his Great Seal with him, the Charter was sealed in yellow wax with the seal of his father, Henry III.

Experts have marvelled at the magnificent state of the document. It is only lightly damaged by damp. Almost all the writing, a much-abbreviated Latin now browned with age, is clearly legible.

The big wax seal—of the King in flowing robes, seated on one side and astride a horse on the other—as well as the silk cords attaching it to the parchment are in a remarkable state of preservation.

The mystery surrounding this rare copy is how it got to Bruton's King's School, because it was originally issued to the Sheriff of Surrey. Nobody is even willing to hazard a guess.

It is a renewal of the famous Charter granted by King John at Runnymede. Copies of this renewed Charter were sent in 1297 to the cathedrals throughout the realm, with instructions that they were to be read before all the people twice a year.

The present headmaster of King's School, Bruton, Mr. Geoffrey Sale, was the first to put into motion the discreet negotiations which resulted in its purchase by Australia for the National Library in Canberra.

The school authorities knew its historical worth.

"During the war the Bursar slept with the Charter under his pillow," Mr. Sale said.



MRS. R. G. MENZIES, wife of the Prime Minister, inspects Australia's own copy of the Magna Carta in the Parliamentary Library soon after it was unpacked. Only 14 copies of the document are known to exist.



SET IN GARDENS and fronting on to a winding road of Bruton village, these ancient houses, built in 1520, still form part of the classrooms of King's School, where the Magna Carta copy dated 1297 lay unnoticed for centuries.

"But we had no idea it had any great cash value.

"I decided to find out about this two years ago, and took the copy to the British Museum."

The experts there were anxious to keep it. But the headmaster had other ideas. This was not the first time in its long history that his school needed funds.

"It was rather tricky — the business of offering it for sale with the aim of benefiting our school," he said. "It required tact and persistence, for not only did the British Museum want it but there was a certain official reluctance to overcome about letting it leave the country.

"Finally we secured Treasury permission to negotiate a sale within the Commonwealth or in the United States.

"Lord Blackford, of our Board of Governors, saw this through," Mr. Sale added.

Several big public institutions were interested in acquiring the copy, including the United States Congressional Library, Washington.

But the school's governors were anxious to give first offer to the dominions—to "keep it in the family."

Of the two dominions most closely interested — Australia and Canada—Australia, with its National Library, offered the most appropriate home for it. The deal was closed.

In the headmaster's book-lined study in King's School, Bruton, Mr. Sale gestured through the windows towards a line of tall buildings on the opposite hill which front on to the village street.

"This money will enable us to carry out long-needed improvements to the dormitory houses," he said.

The oldest part of King's School, a creeper-clad house with tiled roof, whose low arched doorways open straight on to a winding village road, was built in 1520.

Grounds and buildings of Bruton's King's School have since multiplied, but with its present roll of 320 scholars it is still a modest rural public school by to-day's standards.

But it is steeped in history and tradition. During the war, the rich archives of London's Guildhall were transferred for safe keeping to Bruton in Somerset.

One of the greatest prizes in these archives was another rare copy of Magna Carta.

Headmaster Geoffrey Sale said, "This Magna Carta copy was issued, dated, and sealed in the same year as ours—1297.

"By the accident of war, probably the first time in 650 years—ever since the seal was set to them, in fact—these two copies came together again in this tiny village."

U.S. housewives get important jobs

By PETER HASTINGS, of our New York staff

Two women appointed to important posts in the New U.S. administration are both mothers who have had exciting public careers as well as being housewives.

THE appointees, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby and Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest, will take up their new posts when President Truman relinquishes office to President-elect General Eisenhower next January.

Mrs. Hobby, former W.A.C. commander in World War II and now co-owner of a Texas newspaper, will have the important job of Federal Security Administrator in charge of U.S. Government old-age pensions and sickness and security benefits.

Mrs. Priest, who was assistant chairman of the Republican National Committee during the recent U.S. election campaigns, will be Secretary of the Treasury.

Her first official act in her new post will be to present practically everybody in America with her autograph. Her signature will henceforth appear on all paper currency in America.

Mrs. Hobby and Mrs. Priest, who are both aged 47, are two of America's most capable women. Both are extremely good-looking—in fact, Mrs. Hobby is usually dressed and groomed like one of the more exotic Hollywood film stars. They have sandwiched their careers in between looking after their husbands, their children, and their homes.

Oveta Hobby, known affectionately to her W.A.C.'s during the war as "The Little Colonel," is married to the owner of the newspaper "Houston Post," William Pettus Hobby, a former Governor of Texas.

Mrs. Hobby has two children, William, aged 20, and Jessica, 15.



MRS. OVETA HOBBY

In 1928 she contested a seat in the Texas legislature in opposition to the policies of the State's Governor. She surprised everybody, including herself, by losing the seat.

"I made up for it by marrying the Governor," she said.

Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest is a soft-spoken, handsome woman with greying, soft, upswept hair and a pleasant dress sense, in contrast to Mrs. Hobby, who is ultra-smart.

The mother of three schoolchildren, Mrs. Priest has a quiet manner which hides a tremendous organising capacity.

This ability has enabled her to play one of the year's most prominent roles while running a home in the beautiful, prettily named town of Bountiful, Utah, where she and her husband, Roy Priest, a wholesale furniture dealer, live.

In 1935 she abandoned her career as a teacher to marry, but she found that a home, three children, and enough outside activities to satisfy any ordinary woman were not enough to keep her going.

The local Republicans gave her all the work she wanted. Within a few years she was on the Republican National Committee, and this year became top strategist on women's vote tactics.

In appointing Mrs. Hobby and Mrs. Priest, President-elect General Eisenhower has honored a deep personal conviction and a campaign pledge that "there is a place and an important place in my administration for the women of this country."

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Special film feature:

New releases offer wide variety

Many lively, controversial movies are on next year's list

Stories of pageantry, comedy, outdoor adventure, musicals, costume romances, drama, science-fiction, and fantasy are all represented in the crop of films that are scheduled to reach the Australian screen next year.

By
M. J. McMAHON

THE revival of pictures combining sound and silence is currently interesting Hollywood. One of these is "The Thief," which stars Ray Milland. Sound effects are heard in the film, but no dialogue is spoken.

Chaplin's "Limelight," the most-talked-about film in years, stars Chaplin in a Punchinello-type story of early music-hall days in London. Chaplin wrote the screenplay and musical score and produced and directed the film, in which Claire Bloom plays a young dancer. His son, Sydney, plays the part of a composer who gets the girl.

Samuel Goldwyn's controversial technicolor film "Hans Christian Andersen" is one of the most costly movies.

Described as a fairy story told in dance, in music, and with voice, the picture stars **Danny Kaye in the role of Hans Andersen, the poor Danish cobbler who became the world's most famous spinner of fairy tales.**

The voyage of the Mayflower from England to Plymouth Rock is the setting for the sprawling drama "Plymouth Adventure," in which Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, and Van Heflin head a massive cast.

Recreating the glory of Rome, director Gabriel Pascal's much-awaited "Androcles and the Lion" is adapted from the Bernard Shaw play on Christian persecution.

Christian heroine Jean Simmons and Victor Mature, a heathen captain of Caesar's legions, handle the romance. Robert Newton, Maurice Evans, Alan Young, and Elsa Lanchester complete the main cast.

Shakespeare

DISTINGUISHED Hollywood movie-maker H. L. Mankiewicz ("All About Eve," "Five Fingers") brings Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" to the screen in a blaze of technicolor, with Louis Calhern in the title role, Marlon Brando as Mark Antony, and Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr as Calpurnia and Portia.

The J. M. Barrie classic "Peter Pan" is the subject of a Walt Disney full-length cartoon fantasy.

Among successful plays of the last few Broadway seasons to reach the screen—sometimes with the whole original cast of the play—are Stanley Kramer's "The Happy Time," "The Member of the Wedding," and "Time Limit."

Olivia de Havilland co-stars with British actor Richard Burton in the movie version of Daphne Du Maurier's "My Cousin Rachel."

According to Orson Welles, his future screen plans hinge on the success of his production of "Othello." Welles plays the Moor role to the performance of Suzanne Cloutier.

Of the west but not exactly western are two big outdoor stories, "The Big Sky" (Kirk Douglas and Elizabeth Threatt) and "The Lusty Men" (Robert Mitchum, Arthur Kennedy, and Susan Hayward).

"Monster from Beneath the Sea" is one of a group of science-fiction features. A suitable atomic-age menace is introduced by killing the creature off with atomic weapons.

Filmed in Munich by director Elia Kazan with stars Fredric March, Dorothy Grahame, and Adolph Menjou, "Man on a Tightrope" is an anti-Communist circus story.

Lavish technicolor musicals feature old favorites as well as new artists. "The Stars Are Singing," with Rosemary ("Come On-a My House") Clooney, tenor Lauritz Melchior, and coloratura Anna Maria Alberghetti, is an example.

"To-night We Sing" is a technicolor concert and ballet film. Ballerina Tamara Toumanova dances ballets which Pavlova made famous, and Ezio Pinza portrays Russian operatic singer Chaliapin. Arthur Rubinstein and Jan Peerce also appear.

"Just For You" is a musical drama starring Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, and Ethel Barrymore.

Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, and Dottie Lamour hit the road together again in "Road to Bali," their sixth "Road" adventure.

Betty Grable goes back to work in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and Kathryn Grayson and Gordon MacRae revive "The Desert Song."

The old English farce "Charlie's Aunt" has been given a musical face-lift, and the new title is "Where's Charley?" It's a grand framework for the warm, intimate style of Ray Bolger.

There are several major British films with a Service background. "The Cruel Sea," starring Jack Hawkins, is a story of the struggle of Royal Navy small ships to keep open North Atlantic sealanes during World War II.

Telling the story of the heroic fight to hold Malta during World War II, "The Malta Story" presents Alec Guinness in a straightforward role as a reconnaissance pilot. With him are Anthony Steel, Jack Hawkins, and Muriel Pavlow.

Foreign films listed for screening are "Miss Julie," the Swedish film based on Strindberg's gloomy play, and the Italian opera film "Il Trovatore." The satire "Clochemerle" is a French film.





"LIMELIGHT." Charlie Chaplin (left) portrays Calvero, the tramp comedian who has lost the art of making people laugh and has taken to drink, in his latest film.

"ANDROCLES AND THE LION." Jean Simmons as Lavinia (above), with Victor Mature, a Roman soldier, in Pascal's screen production of the Shaw play.



"OTHELLO." Orson Welles as the Moor in "Othello." With him is new French actress Suzanne Cloutier.



"MY COUSIN RACHEL." Olivia de Havilland, as Rachel, and young Philip Ashley (Richard Burton) in an emotional scene from the drama adapted from Daphne du Maurier's novel.



"HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN." Danny Kaye as Hans, a cobbler in the little Danish town of Odense, amuses the children by telling them fairy tales. There are four ballets and numerous songs in the picture.



"TO-NIGHT WE SING." In this concert and ballet film Tamara Toumanova portrays Pavlova in several dance sequences.



"ROAD TO BALI." Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, and Dorothy Lamour in their sixth "Road" comedy. Down-and-out stage performers Bob and Bing seek sunken treasure near Bali in this adventure.

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The Importance of Being Earnest



England chose Oscar Wilde's arch Victorian comedy "The Importance of Being Earnest" as one of the major British films of 1952. It is the first technicolor picture made at London's Pinewood Studios since 1947.

DIRECTOR Anthony Asquith and the team who produced the successful drama "The Browning Version" worked on "The Importance of Being Earnest."

In the wittiest Wilde manner the play tilts at "earnest" Victorian thinking.

The film captures the feeling of stylised Victorian elegance by faithfully re-creating the elaborate architecture, decor, and fashions of the late 1800's.

Michael Redgrave stars in this feather-weight comedy about a man who represents himself as his own imaginary brother Ernest in order to pursue a gay life in London and almost outsmarts himself.

Another Michael — Michael Denison — plays the role of Redgrave's tricky friend Algernon, who knows and shares the joke.

Joan Greenwood and 21-year-old newcomer Dorothy Tutin carry the romance.

For comedy, Margaret Rutherford teams with Miles Malleson. Miss Rutherford eventually reveals the amazing story of Redgrave's true identity and proves that his name is, in fact, Ernest.

The distinguished British actress Dame Edith Evans, who made famous on the stage the comedy role of Lady Bracknell, an aristocratic martinet intent on her daughter's matrimonial prospects, repeats the role on the screen.

Briefly, here is the story. Wealthy eligible bachelor Mr. Jack Worthing (Michael Redgrave) has fallen in love with Miss Gwendolen Fairfax (Joan Greenwood), the cousin of his friend, Mr. Algernon Moncrieff (Michael Denison).

Algernon, who is also eligible and rich, is in love with Miss Cecily Cardew (Dorothy Tutin), who is Jack's ward.

Both girls have made it known that they could only marry men with the name of Ernest.

Jack passes himself off to Gwendolen as his non-existent brother Ernest, while Algernon also deceitfully adopts, for Cecily's sake, Ernest's name and wicked reputation.

Inevitably the girls clash.

When Jack discovers that the imaginary Ernest has captured Gwendolen's affections, he goes into deep mourning, declaring that Ernest has been carried off in Paris by a severe chill. The deception soon becomes apparent to the girls.

Forced to admit that neither is really called Ernest, the two men separately undertake to be re-christened in that name as proof of lifelong devotion.

But so simple an outcome is reckoned without the forceful Lady Bracknell (Dame Edith Evans), Gwendolen's mother and Algernon's aunt.

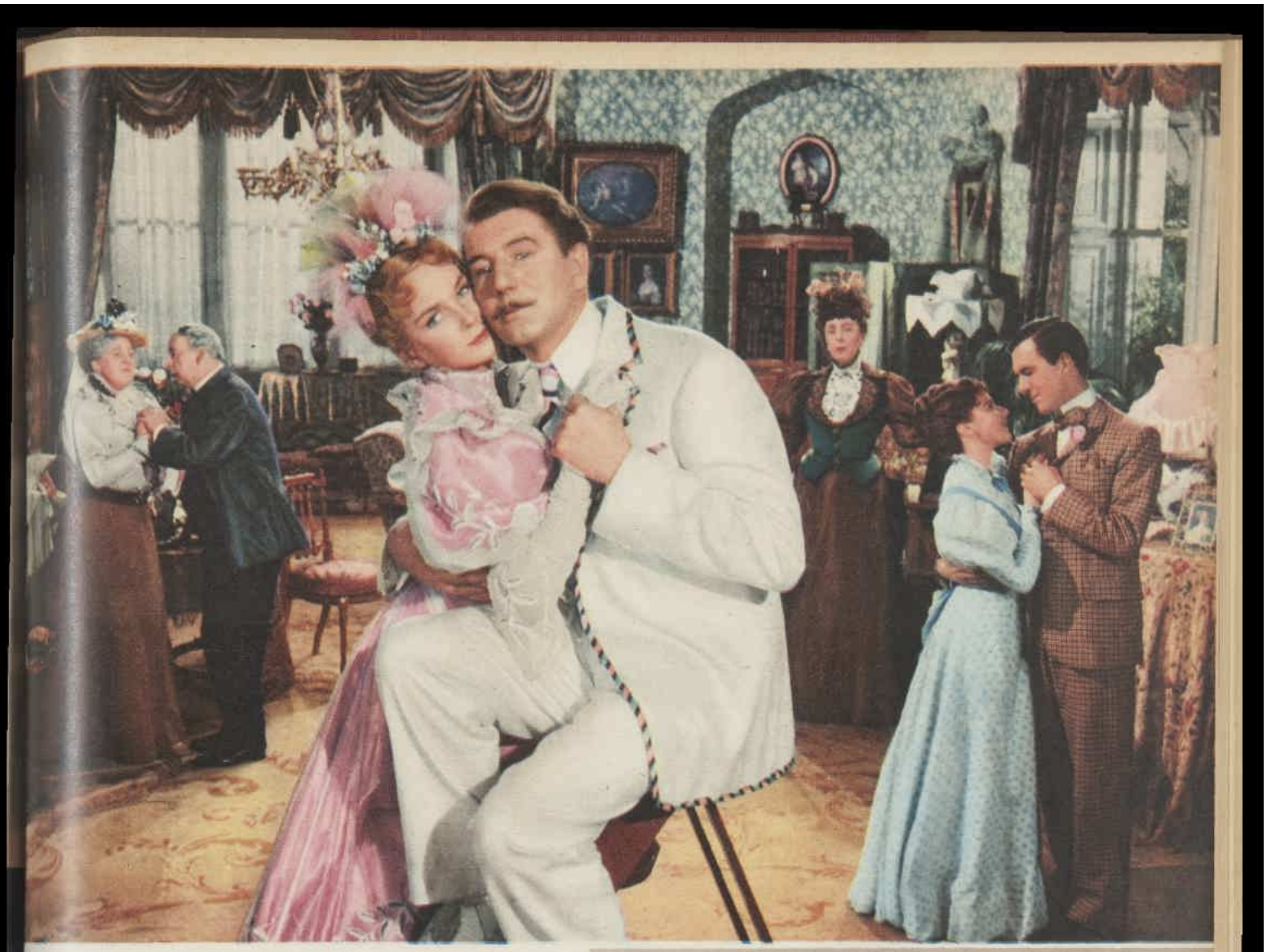
Her consent for such goings-on is withheld until a startling disclosure of her employee, Miss Prism (Margaret Rutherford), brings to light a skeleton in the family closet and the comedy ends in lovers' embraces.



ELIGIBLE bachelor Mr. Jack Worthing (Michael Redgrave) is interrupted while proposing marriage to debutante Gwendolen Fairfax (Joan Greenwood).

GAY BLADE of the 'nineties, Algernon Moncrieff (Michael Denison), above, is Gwendolen's cousin, Jack Worthing's friend, and Cecily Cardew's sweetheart.

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"GWENDOLEN, at last! I've now realised for the first time in my life the vital importance of being earnest." Deceptions explained away, the finale brings together Miss Fairfax and Mr. Worthing, centre, Miss Prism and Canon Chasuble, left, and Miss Cardew and Mr. Moncrieff, at right.



MISS PRISM (Margaret Rutherford), ...ster, elderly governess to Cecily Car-...ew, is secretly in love with local parson ...non Chasuble (Miles Malleson).

INDOMITABLE Lady Bracknell (Dame Edith Evans), right, who is concerned about the marriage prospects of her cherished only daughter, Gwendolen.



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Hollywood films "Call Me Madam"

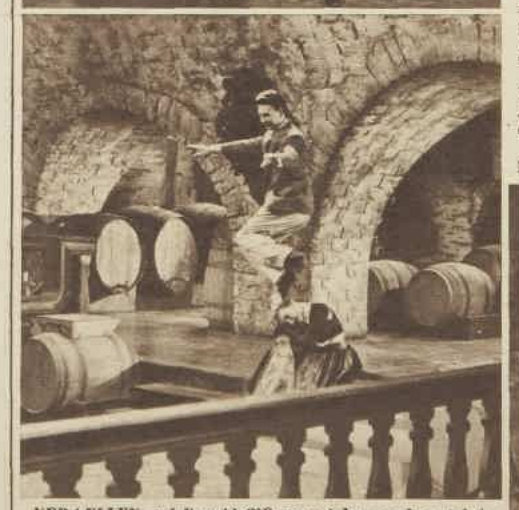
From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Brilliant dancers Vera-Ellen and Donald O'Connor are an exhilarating new dance-and-romance team in Hollywood's two-million-dollar, technicolor version of the Broadway musical "Call Me Madam."









VERA-ELLEN and Donald O'Connor (above and at right) dance the spectacular cellar sequence in Hollywood's technicolor version of the musical "Call Me Madam," in which they share top billing with Broadway singer Ethel Merman.

WATCHING petite blonde Vera-Ellen and slightly built Don O'Connor whirl through ballet, tap, and acrobatic steps on the immense sound stage at 20th Century-Fox, where the film is being made, spectators predicted that their dancing will have movie fans clamoring for more films.

Vera-Ellen and O'Connor share top billing in "Call Me Madam" with Broadway singer Ethel Merman, star of the original stage hit.

George Sanders, Billy De Wolfe, Walter Slezak, and Helmut Dantine also play key roles in the film.

Next year Evie Hayes is scheduled to play the Ethel Merman role in "Call Me Madam" for J. C. Williamson in Australia.

As well as sharing two dance numbers, both Vera-Ellen and O'Connor dance a solo.

The outstanding dance sequence of the film is staged in a palace cellar in the mythical land of Lichtenburg. It runs for eight minutes on the screen and features a dazzling array of acrobatic spins, leaps, and pirouettes.

The five pictures on this page are shots from the cellar sequence, which is danced to the Irving Berlin melody "Something to Dance About."

A fairy-like dream sequence in a romantic mood, danced to another Berlin tune, "It's a Lovely Day To-day," will draw ""Ohs" and "Ahs" of pleasure from filmgoers.

Vera-Ellen's solo is a fiery peasant number. Donald does a comedy routine depicting a tipsy, downhearted man, to the tune of Berlin's "What Chance Have I With Love?"

Teaming pert Vera-Ellen and Don O'Connor as dance-mates is not exactly a surprise when you consider that the are both top box-office.

In her path to success Vera-Ellen has danced with just about every top-ranking male dancer in the movie business.

Her nimble feet have kept pace with those of the screen's foremost dancers, Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, and Ray Bolger.

She has partnered Danny Kaye, Mickey Rooney, and Red Skelton, generally as actress-dance star.

Until recently Donald O'Connor and Don Ameche were the only top-notchers she hadn't appeared with.

In spite of the fact that 28-year-old Donald O'Connor is a veteran of show-business, the dance-romance role he plays in "Call Me Madam" takes him into new movie territory.

Donald is more of an individualist than Vera-Ellen. His best dance solo is generally thought to be "Make 'Em Laugh," with which he scored in "Singin' in the Rain."

Yet in team dances with Gene Kelly in the same film young O'Connor proved that he is able to hold his own with the man who long ago won the reputation as a foremost dancer on the screen.

At present Don is the hottest entertainment bet in Hollywood, but so far he seems content to tackle one picture at a time.

"Call Me Madam" is an elaborate skit on American politics in general and on Mrs. Perle Mesta, U.S. Ambassador to the tiny European principality of Liechtenstein in particular.

As the story opens, Sally Adams (Ethel Merman), nit millionairess and fabulous Washington hostess presiding over a modern round-table at which gather some of the biggest people in the news, is officially sworn in by the Secretary of State as the accredited representative of the United States to the Grand Duchy of Lichtenburg.

With Madam Ambassador goes ex-newspaperman Kenneth Gibson (Donald O'Connor) as her press attache.

In Lichtenburg Kenneth falls in love with Princess Maria (Vera-Ellen), and Madam is smitten with General Cosmo Constantine (George Sanders).

Diplomatic and romantic high jinks keep everybody on their toes throughout the comedy.



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Mason is foreign at home

From London and Hollywood

WHEN James Mason comes back to Britain shortly to make his next film—starring with Chaplin's lovely discovery Claire Bloom—he will come as a foreigner. Since his stay in Hollywood, he has become a naturalised American.

Now London Films have signed Mason and Claire to star in the next production of ace director Sir Carol Reed—title unknown, subject still secret, all details hush-hush. But Reed it was who gave Mason his biggest film smash hit—"Odd Man Out." The film world is waiting with eyes like saucers for more news on this comeback performance and the pairing of Mason and Claire Bloom.

* * *

THREE of the stars from "Porgy and Bess," playing at the Stoll Theatre, have been chosen by Gene Kelly to sing in M.G.M.'s "Invitation to the Dance." They are Leslie Scott, Kenneth Hibbert, and Helen Dowdy.

STANLEY HOLLOWAY, emerging from the make-up room at Ealing with pointed ears, slanting eyes, and a devilish leer, was tricked out for his new role in "Meet Mr. Lucifer." "I am known as 'The Stranger,' but it is quite obvious who I am. Every time I appear, I play Old Nick with everybody," said Stanley.

* * *

WHICH film would win the title of the "Best Film of All Time" in an international pool of movie critics? To find out, editors of the quarterly magazine of the British Film Institute, "Sight and Sound," polled 63 critics in the United States, Britain, France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia. Result: First, "Bicycle Thief." Chaplin's "City Lights" and "The Gold Rush" tied for second place. In order of preference others were "Potomkin," "Louisiana Story," "Intolerance," "Greed," "Daybreak," and "Brief Encounter."

* * *

KIRK DOUGLAS, who [illegible] friends he proposed to stay outside the United States for the 18 months necessary for tax exemption, is to return to Rome after completing "Girl on the Via Flaminia" in Paris. In Italy he will co-produce and star in a film titled "Strange Harvest."

* * *

MARGARET LOCKWOOD, riding atop a successful comeback which following her success in "Trent's Last Case," is now to co-star with Hollywood's six-foot-four Forrest Tucker. "Tuck" is flying to England next month to co-star with Margaret in the technicolor "Laughing Anne," from the novel by Joseph Conrad.

* * *

FILM makers are having a hair-tearing time on the set of the cricket film "The Final Test," where Alec Bedser is appearing briefly with other leading English Test cricketers. Alec Bedser has the part and Eric is there to watch. And the director is never sure which one to have before the cameras. Said Eric, accused of breaking a lot of girlish hearts on the last Australian tour, "It wasn't me. It was Alec. Anyhow, people are always trying to get us married off. So far they've failed."

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CENTURY.— "The Fourposter," comedy, starring Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer. Plus featurettes.**
CIVIC.— "Rachel and the Stranger," drama, starring Robert Mitchum, Loretta Young, William Holden. Plus "Murder, My Sweet," thriller, starring Dick Powell, Claire Trevor. (Both re-releases.)**
EMBASSY.—* "The Sound Barrier," aircraft drama, starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.**
ESQUIRE.— "Count of Monte Cristo," period adventure, starring Robert Donat. Plus "Bar 20," Western, starring William Boyd. (Both re-releases.)**
LYCEUM.—* "The Brigand," technicolor melodrama, starring Anthony Dexter, Jody Lawrence. Plus "A Yank in Indo-China," wartime drama, starring John Archer, Jean Wiles.
LYRIC.— "Brute Force," drama, starring Yvonne de Carlo, Burt Lancaster. Plus "Michigan Kid," cinecolor Western, starring Jon Hall, Margaret Lindsay. (Both re-releases.)**
PALACE.— "Dreamboat," comedy, starring Clifton Webb, Ginger Rogers. Plus ** "The Narrow Margin," thriller, starring Charles McGraw, Marie Winsor. (Both re-releases.)**
PARK.—* "Retreat, Hell!" wartime drama, starring Frank Lovejoy, Richard Carlson, Anita Louise. Plus "Dudes Are Pretty People," Western comedy, starring Jimmy Rogers, Marjorie Woodworth. (Re-release.)
PLAZA.—* "High Noon," Western, starring Gary Cooper, Lloyd Bridges, Katy Jurado. Plus "One Big Affair," comedy, starring Dennis O'Keefe, Evelyn Keyes.**
PRINCE EDWARD.— "The Turning Point," drama, starring William Holden, Alexis Smith, Edmond O'Brien. Plus * "Hong Kong," technicolor adventure, starring Rhonda Fleming, Ronald Reagan.**
REGENT.—* "Tea For Two," technicolor musical, starring Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson. Plus featurettes.
SAVOY.— "Pagliacci," Italian film opera, starring Tito Gobbi, Gina Lollobrigida, Alfro Poli. Plus "Storm in a Teacup," comedy, starring Rex Harrison, Vivien Leigh. (Re-release.)**
STATE.— "The Man in the White Suit," British comedy, starring Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker. Plus "13 East Street," thriller, starring Patrick Holt, Sandra Dorne.**
VICTORY.—* "Untamed Frontier," technicolor Western, starring Joseph Cotten, Shelley Winters, Scott Brady. (See review this page.) Plus * "Lost in Alaska," comedy, starring Bud Abbott, Lou Costello.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Waterfront," drama, starring Robert Newton, Susan Shaw. Plus "Plainsman and the Lady," Western, starring Vera Ralston. (Re-release.)
LIBERTY.—"The Devil Makes Three," drama, starring Gene Kelly, Pier Angeli. Plus "Fearless Fagan," comedy, starring Janet Leigh, Carleton Carpenter.
MAYFAIR.—"This Woman is Dangerous," drama, starring Joan Crawford, David Brian. Plus featurettes.
ST. JAMES.—"My Man and I," drama, starring Ricardo Montalban, Shelley Winters. Plus "You For Me," comedy, starring Jane Greer, Peter Lawford.
VARIETY.—"The Denver and Rio Grande," technicolor drama, starring Edmond O'Brien, Dean Jagger, Laura Elliott. Plus "This Gun For Hire," thriller, starring Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake. (Re-release.)

Talking of FILMS

★ ***Untamed Frontier***

UNIVERSAL'S "Untamed Frontier" is a period Western in which a feudal cattle baron tangles with homesteaders in old New Mexico.

The plot develops along conventional greed versus need lines amid some first-class technicolor scenery, artistically photographed.

The powerful Denbow clan, consisting of Matt (Minor Watson), his wastrel son Glen (Scott Brady), and worthy nephew Kirk (Joseph Cotten), run their cattle over enormous acreage, but refuse to grant homesteaders access to a trail of Government land which rightfully belongs to the settlers.

Resentment smoulders for a while before homesteaders cut loose and overrun Denbow boundaries.

Shelley Winters takes an active part in proceedings as a waitress who is tricked into marriage by Glen Denbow, sympathising with the settlers. Shelley manages to interest Kirk in their cause and his own charms.

In Sydney—Victory.

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1 **DIRECTOR** of chemical works, Oxly (Charles Coburn), right, announces to Dr. Barnaby Fulton (Cary Grant) and secretary Lois (Marilyn Monroe) that Barnaby's rejuvenation formula is a success.



2 **DISAPPOINTED** Barnaby later learns test was inconclusive. A chimp gets free in laboratory, mixes a concoction, and dumps it in drinking water. Barnaby drinks some of the water, feels like a college boy.

BE YOUR AGE . . .



3 **SKATING** with Lois, Barnaby becomes curious about the libation, decides to try some water on wife Edwina.

● Is youth all it is cracked up to be? In "Be Your Age," a Fox comedy, filmgoers have a chance to test the desirability of a reversion-to-youth philtre.

Cary Grant stars as Barnaby Fulton, the scientist who almost discovers a formula which will make worn-out tissues youthful. Then a chimpanzee mixes a concoction of his own, and throws the result in the water cooler, with hilarious results.



4 **SKITTISH** behaviour of Edwina (Ginger Rogers), centre, amazes investigating scientists. Edwina coaxes Barnaby to spend second honeymoon at hotel they originally visited.



5 **EXPLANATIONS** are in order when couple return home and find friend Harvey (Hugh Marlowe) there. Still behaving oddly, Edwina had left Barnaby at hotel and phoned Harvey.



6 **JUNIOR** Red Indians yell as Barnaby, now fortified with another drink, persuades Harvey not to meddle in his domestic affairs. A baby crawls into the Fulton house and scares Edwina, who thinks Barnaby is back in infancy.



7 **FRANTICALLY** clutching the baby, Edwina rushes to laboratory. Real Barnaby reappears while scientists are trying to think out way to make the baby grow. Edwina takes her husband home to sleep off effects of last drink.



8 **NEW FORMULA** for Barnaby and Edwina is that youth is in the heart. At the laboratory, all the back-to-youth concoction having been exhausted, life returns to comfortable normality.

How children *love* the gentle chocolate laxative!



There's no fuss in your family when anyone is sick, livery, constipated – if you keep Laxettes in the home!

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Laxettes contain phenolphthalein, the wonderful tasteless medicine that clears waste matter from the system gently and thoroughly. Not habit-forming; never upset the stomach. Economical too, only 2/6, from all chemists and stores. Get a box now.

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but one makes you feel better tomorrow

'Enjoy all-over loveliness! Use the Big Bath Size LUX TOILET SOAP in your daily beauty bath!"

SAYS *Ruth Roman*

star of Warner Bros. Production "Strangers on a Train"



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HAPPY FAREWELL. Geoffrey Prockter, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Prockter, of Worthing, ...ex, and his bride, formerly Heather Field, eldest daughter of Mrs. Field, of "Mahratta," Warrawee, ...d the late Mr. T. A. Field, are farewelled by 150 guests when they leave for their honeymoon. Heather's ...ch was of embroidered pearl-grey organza. They were married at St. John's Church, Wahroonga.



THROUGH THE ARCHWAY. Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Prockter walk through an archway in the courtyard of the bride's home to the reception, held in a pink silk-lined marquee. Mrs. Prockter wore white lace over aqua-blue silk. They will live in Singapore.

Social Gottings

MRS. K. E. McCATHIE will see her four-year-old American grandson, Andrew Shatz, for the first time when he arrives in Australia with his mother, Mrs. Otto Shatz, early next year.

It is Mrs. Shatz' first visit to her mother's lovely home, "The Hermitage," at Vaucluse, for five years. She originally intended to be home for Christmas, but has delayed the trip to attend the wedding of her niece, Marilyn McCathie, and Ian Chapman in April next year.

Mrs. Shatz' other two sons, Otto, ... and David, who met their grandmother on their last trip to Australia, will stay with their father, who is a captain in the U.S. Navy at the amphibian naval base at Norfolk, Virginia.

• • •

A WEDDING of North Coast interest is that of Pauline Jabour, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. E. Jabour, of Casino, to Kevin Cranston, of Brisbane, at St. Mark's Church, Casino, on December 13. Kevin's mother, Mrs. J. P. Cranley, who has just returned from seven months overseas, will motor from Brisbane for the marriage. After their honeymoon, the young couple will live in Brisbane.

PRETTY girls who discussed Christmas shopping and Palm Beach holidays at the Pickwick Club were Ann McGrath, of Vaucluse, and her cousin, Sue McGrath, of Cremorne. Sue was in grey, and Ann wore a bouffant frock of royal-blue cotton, with a wide white-cuffed neckline. She and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. McGrath, of Vaucluse, will take a house at Palm Beach after Christmas.

• • •

GOLF sticks and balls decorated the 21st birthday cake which Norman Graham cut at the party given by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Graham, of Bellevue Hill, at Kinneil. Norman is a keen player in the N.S.W. Golf Club. His sister, Valerie, helped her parents receive the 45 guests. Valerie wore a ballerina frock of red and white spotted organdie, and Mrs. Graham wore a cocktail frock of pewter-grey faille.



WEDDING GUESTS. Mrs. Jack Field and her daughter Diana made a glamorous picture at the foot of the marble staircase at the Field home at Warrawee after the Prockter-Field wedding. Mrs. Field's hat of white feathers was brought from Paris.



JUDGE'S DAUGHTER WEDS. Sandy Gregory and his bride, formerly Margaret Maxwell, daughter of Mr. Justice and Mrs. Maxwell, of Edgecliff, with Margaret's niece, Brooke Kendall, who was flower-girl, and Clive Hall at St. Mark's, Darling Point.



DOUBLE CELEBRATION. Sisters Mrs. Reg Seddon (left) and Mrs. Babe (Walter) Woollett, with their husbands, at Prince's. The Woolletts celebrated their return to Australia, where they will make their home after several years in Canada, and Mr. Seddon celebrated his birthday. Mrs. Woollett wore a frock of peacock-blue shaded net.



AT PALM BEACH. Mrs. Robert Brash (left), Mr. and Mrs. David Pratten, and Mrs. Alan Copeland were among the 200 guests at the party at the Pacific Club, Palm Beach, to celebrate the opening of the surfing season. Gay beach frocks for the women and brightly colored sports clothes for the men were worn at the party.

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All the best for Christmas and the New Year..... from



Quick, where's that pencil? Here are the clever gifts, the colourful gifts, the Casben gifts that make holidays heaven for everyone you love best! Make up your list now—and take this page Christmas-shopping with you! Get Casben sportswear—the sure-to-please sportswear—from any good store!

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For Dad—Casben "Swim N' Play" Swim Shorts, in satiny "Touchdown." Ditto for Sonny, in Sanforized drill, with contrast-piped side seams.



Snowy-white Sanforised cotton drill for Avo Casben Tennis Shorts . . . or Casben "Ship 'n Shore" Shorts. (Top his off with a snowy Casben "Sun N' Air" T-Shirt).



Casben Jackets for a lucky couple! His is a "Latitude" action-back style in proofed English "Ventile." Hers is in gleaming proofed "Touchdown"—in many colours.



For baby sister, Casben Juniors in pretty, sturdy headcloth.

For big sister, Casben "Ship 'n Shore" Shorts in smooth satin drill.



Left: Golfer's delight—the Casben "Eighteen"—a novel Jacket with free'n easy batwing sleeves, in rain-shedding "Ventile," lined-ing alternative—shorter Casben "Latitude" Jacket in proofed "Ventile," with new rope pockets.



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CTION

The Breather

Each night brought her the horror of the ringing telephone . . . and the strange caller who would not speak.

BY JULIE PRISE

LINDA only felt startled the first time the telephone rang at four o'clock in the morning. Her brain fogged with sleep, she picked up the receiver and said, "Hello." When no one answered, she again said, "Hello." Still no answer, so she put the receiver back on the hook, sat up in bed, thinking for a few minutes, deciding to write to her mother oftener, turned over, and went to sleep.

The next night it rang at three-thirty.

"Hello" she said sharply. And when no one spoke in reply, "What number are you calling?" She thought she heard a faint sighing sound, but could not be sure. Puzzled, apprehensive, she hung up.

The third night Linda read in bed until one-thirty. It had not been a good choice, a chilling mystery too realistic for comfort.

At five minutes to four the shrilling of the telephone echoed through her bedroom. She was awake instantly as if she had never been soundly asleep. "Yes?" she said quickly. "Hello!"

It was then she heard it—a deep, heavy breath exhaled into the telephone. The flesh prickled on her arms and bare shoulders.

The receiver became slippery in her hand. She strained forward, listening. She heard whoever it was draw in another long breath and exhale. She heard him cough softly.

"Listen!" she said, and fear pulsated through the anger in her voice. "I don't know who you are, but I don't think it's very smart to wake someone up in the middle of the night if you can't answer!"

Only the breathing again.

She banged down the receiver and stared at the telephone, black and white in the soft glow of the night light. Although the room was close to the point of stickiness, she pulled up the sheet for warmth.

Somewhere in the sleeping city, in one of the thousands of dark buildings, someone had her on his mind.

She got out of bed and prowled about, checking the front and back doors. She lit a cigarette, sat on the couch, thinking.

Supposing she herself were going to telephone someone night after night, why would she be doing it? To create fear? Or to be sure the person was home alone? If she were going to telephone and not answer, she wouldn't she? Because she wouldn't want the person to recognise her voice.

The breathing. Only the breathing to let her know he was there.

Swiftly she ground out her cigarette, clicked off the lamp, ran on tiptoe across the room, closed the hall door to shut out the bedroom light. The room in blackness, she lifted a corner of the shade.

The leaves of the shrubs down in the garden glistened and shook in the moonlight. She waited. A cat bounded from the bush and streaked across the lawn.

She let out her held breath in a long, quivering sigh, and at the sound her imagination brought The Breather into the pitch-black room to stand behind her shoulder.

She let go the shade and groped frantically for the lamp switch, sank on the couch, one hand pressed where the wet silk of her nightgown clung to her breast.

"You silly little fool!" she said aloud. "It's probably only a prank!" She struck a match and the flame bobbed crazily as she lit another cigarette. She began to go over the men she knew.

It was preposterous even to consider Howard. Why, he had been the one who had wanted her to move to a flat—so she'd be safe! "You're too young and pretty to live in a house alone," he had said. And he had been so insistent.

No, he hadn't wanted the separation, but he hadn't protested either. "I want only your happiness, Linda," he had said. It was ridiculous even to consider Howard!

There was that new copy writer at the agency where she worked. The girls said he had a crush on her, but he was such a skimmed-milk creature.

No, there really wasn't anyone.

As the first greyness of dawn rimmed the drawn blinds, she went through the house, raising each blind to the top, then crawled into bed.

In the morning, with the windows open, with the coffee chuckling on the stove, with the sun slanting bright across the dinette table, it seemed scarcely anything.

She changed from her housecoat into her linen suit, closed and locked the windows, backed the car out of the garage, and drove to work.

When she told [illegible] assistant, about the calls and Ruth said, "Probably someone's rank idea of a joke," it still seemed scarcely anything.

And foreboding was no more than nerves in the busy atmosphere of the office, in the nimble exchange of banter. When she looked at Sandy, the pinched new copy writer, she smiled to herself.

She and Ruth stayed in town for dinner and went to a film.

"I wish I could go home with you," Ruth said, "but mother's been having those heart skips again. I'd better not."

It was not until she turned down her street and passed the last street lamp that The Breather seemed real and close.

She locked the front door again as soon as she was inside, turned on the kitchen light, the dinette light, then the living-room light. And stood very still, her heart skidding. The living-room window was wide open.

Without turning her head she slid her eyes cautiously towards the half-open door that led to the waiting darkness of the bedroom beyond.

Then stepping with long, quick steps, she was in the dinette. And she saw the sheet of paper lying on the table and the writing scribbled upon it.

"I got here late. The clothes didn't dry, so I hung them in the laundry. I left the living-room window open because the place smelled so close."

The key clattered from her fingers. She leaned against the table weakly. Of course! It was Tuesday—Martha's day to clean and wash.

She slammed down the window, locked it, jerked down the blinds. She started towards the hall that led to the bedroom, hesitated, went to the kitchen, opened a drawer and took out the long-bladed meat knife.

First she went into the bathroom that opened from the left of the hall, turned on the light and with the tip of the knife flipped back the half-drawn shower curtain. Then to the cupboard on the right of the hall, then to the bedroom and the bedroom cupboard.

I am getting jumpy, she thought, as she put the knife back into the drawer. It's perfectly insane to act like this!

After she had folded the bedspread across the foot of the bed and turned back the sheet, she stood thoughtful for a moment, then went to the kitchen, got the knife, and placed it on the floor at the head of her bed. Although perspiration trickled down her body, she did not open the window.

She awakened screaming—not a loud scream, a muffled, choking cry. She had dreamed the telephone was ringing, that when she answered the receiver had slipped over her shoulder, winding the cord about her throat, tighter and tighter.

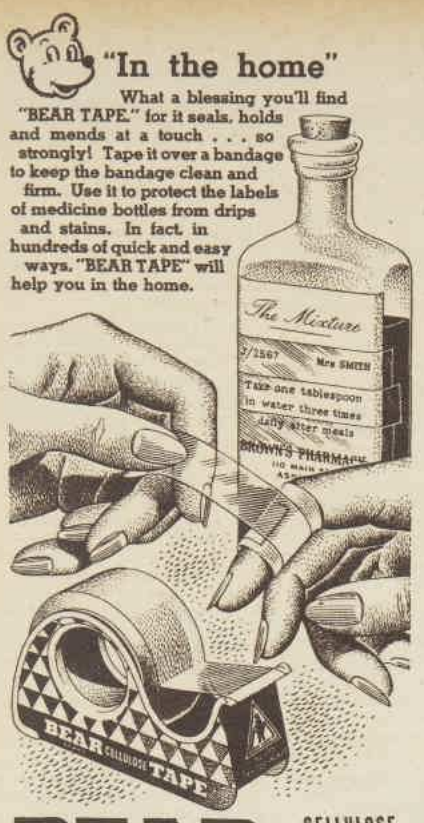
The telephone rang.

She did not switch on the light. She did not answer. She lay rigid,



"Why don't you answer?" Linda said shrilly, fear and anger in her voice.

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5610



Continuing . . . The Breather

her throat arched against the pillows, her eyes fixed on the gleaming black object.

It continued to ring, loud and insistent.

Still she did not answer. And it stopped.

The idea crept into her mind; only the flicker of an idea at first, then looming to terrifying significance. She should have answered. Perhaps he would think she was not there and would steal across the city in the night to secrete himself in her home for the time when she would be there.

She glanced at the illuminated dial of the clock. The hands pointed to ten minutes to three.

At exactly three the ringing began again.

I know you are there. Waiting. I know you are there.

She did not raise her body, only her arm, brought the receiver to her pillow, and felt its weight slick and cold against her cheek.

Silence. Then the faint tapping of a fingernail against the metal. Then the heavy breathing.

You are afraid to answer and afraid not to answer, aren't you? Listen. I know where you are and that you are alone. Listen. Can't you hear me thinking what I plan to do?

She could believe she heard the words instead of thinking them. They pierced through the rolling fog of her senses, burrowed into her brain and peered out, real as if they had been whispered into the telephone.

There was the sound of a match striking. A quietness. The lusty out-blowing of smoke. She could almost smell the smoke, could visualise The Breather, hunched on his elbows, leaning to the telephone.

With cunning stealth, as if he might be spying on every movement, she pushed the receiver across the pillow, eased it into place, and broke the connection. She quickly dialled the exchange.

"Operator," a voice said.

"This is Linda Billings—listed Howard Billings — Xavier 7787! I want a call traced."

The crisp, curled diction of the operator was placidly aloof. "I am sorry, madam. We do not trace calls."

"Listen. This is important—serious! This man — I don't know who he is—he calls every night, four, three, any hour.

"And he doesn't answer—just breathes into the telephone! He's dangerous, I tell you! I know he's dangerous! I demand to have this call traced."

"I am sorry, madam. I cannot help you. I suggest you contact the business office in the morning. Perhaps they can be of assistance."

Furious, she slammed down the receiver.

In the morning she rang the business office of the telephone company and spoke to the secretary.

No, he was very sorry, they did not trace calls. But after her indignant outburst, after she had related the particulars, he seemed concerned. "No, I don't like the sound of it either," he said slowly. "Perhaps we can trace the call for you if you can get someone to notify us while the caller is still on the line."

He took her name, her number, her address, the hour at which the call would most likely be made.

"Some time between two-thirty and four," she said.

That night after work she went straight to the back door of her nearest neighbors, the Hansens.

Mrs. Hansen responded with lively interest.

"My goodness," she said. "I never heard of such a thing. Of course, come over and ring the telephone company. I'll set my alarm for two-thirty and keep an ear open for the back door."

She surveyed Linda curiously. "Now, I don't mean to be snoopy—but do you suppose it could be Mr. Billings — wanting to hear your voice, maybe, and not wanting you to know who he was—or wanting revenge, perhaps?"

"No," Linda said quickly. "It couldn't be Mr. Billings."

At eight-thirty she attempted to divert her mind by employing her hands. She decided to let out the hem of her green skirt. While snipping the thread she thought of Howard, wondered how he would handle the situation if he were there with her.

I'll ring him and tell him about it, she decided on impulse.

In the bedroom, with her hand curved to pick up the receiver, she stopped, staring down at the sleek black instrument that had become something sly and sinister.

Perhaps it was the memory of Mrs. Hansen's remark, it may have been any one of a thousand surreptitious reminders that pried the thought loose in her mind, but she stopped dead.

It was always the one you least suspected. Always.

Was it natural that Howard should have agreed to separate without anger, without argument?

The way he had watched her the Sunday afternoon she had told him she wanted to be free. His head against the back of the chair, eyes half-closed, as if he were weighing something, considering, planning.

She returned to the living-room, made sure the windows were securely locked, turned on the radio, shut it off again, afraid the blare of the dance band might keep her from hearing some tell-tale noise.

It was after nine—she had finished with the green skirt—when she heard footsteps on the front porch. The bell rang.

Through the round glass window of the door, in the flood of porch light, she saw the tall figure waiting. It was Howard.

"Hello, Linda." He was looking at her strangely, unsmiling. "I dropped in for something I forgot to take."

He stood in the entrance hall, his hat in his hand. "My box of fishing tackle. Is it still on the shelf in the laundry?"

He had never gone fishing since she had known him. The tackle, and a rod, had been her last Christmas present to him.

"Yes, it's there." She glanced quickly to see whether she had left the door ajar.

He walked through the living-room to the kitchen and through to the laundry. In a few seconds he was back.

He had put on his hat again and pushed it to the back of his head. His dark eyes moved about. "Mind if I sit down a minute?"

"Of course not."

She could not very well remain standing. She took the chair nearest the door. He removed his hat and leaned forward.

"How are you getting along?"

"All right."

"Job going well at the agency?"

"Fine."

He stopped swinging his hat, perched it on his knee. One restless hand rubbed back and forth across the surface of the table, strayed to toy with the scissors that lay there on top of the folded green skirt. He picked them up, pressing his thumb experimentally against the closed points. His eyes roved to the drawn blinds. "Awfully hot. Don't you keep the windows open?"

"No. Ruth's coming over soon."

His eyes, questioning, alert, met hers. "Something wrong, Linda?" he asked quietly.

"No. Nothing's wrong."

"Linda—" The expression in his eyes changed suddenly, and although he did not leave the chair the movement of his body brought him closer.

She sprang to her feet and started to back away.

He flushed, stood up. "I'll go," he said. He lifted the box of fishing tackle, and avoided looking at her as he walked past.

He was gone. And her eyes were fixed on the scissors as she listened to the slam of the car door . . .

Brrr-ing. Pause. Brrr-ing. Pause.

At 25 minutes past three she was running to the Hansens, pounding on the back door.

"He's on the line!" she breathlessly informed Mrs. Hansen, who opened the door almost immediately. "Let me get to the telephone—quick!"

"Is it her, Gertrude?" Mr. Hansen called out. He appeared in the living-room. The two of them hovered over her as she spun the dial.

How wonderful to hear the words, "Yes, Mrs. Billings. The call will be traced."

"Now, I'll tell you what I think—" Mr. Hansen began.

"I can't stay. I've got to keep him on the line." And she was out the back door.

One of her bedroom slippers flew off as she raced across the lawn.

Out of breath, she locked the door and tiptoed into the bedroom. The receiver was lying on the pillow where she had left it. She put it to her ear and heard nothing. She coughed softly.

And he coughed.

"You must need very little sleep," she said, "to stay up every night making telephone calls."

After 15 minutes of listening to intermittent silences and sighs, she said brightly, "I do hope you call again sometime," and hung up. But she was trembling violently.

She would wait 15 minutes—no, ten.

Eight minutes passed and she dialled.

"Who was it?" she burst out. "Linda Billings—the call you traced! Who was it?"

"I am sorry, madam," so calm! So infernally calm. "You will have to contact the business office in the morning."

"In the morning!" She wanted to shout, to beat her fists against the stubborn telephone, to twist it into submission. "I suppose it will be very easy for me to call in the morning — if I've been strangled."

"I am very sorry, madam."

She crashed the receiver down, glared at the telephone. "You devil!" she ground out between clenched teeth. "You black, black devil."

She sat on the edge of the bed, crying, without tears, rocking from side to side.

The half-hour passed, and the hour. Exhausted from turbulence of emotion, she collapsed in a heap on the bed, her head in her arms like a worn-out child. And she slept.

When she awakened the sun was bright and hot outside the drawn blinds. "Gracious," she cried. "I've forgotten to go to work."

She started to step under the shower, ran back into the bedroom, to the telephone. After what seemed interminable delay, the telephone company told her what she wanted to know: "The call was traced to the Blakeshire Hotel, room 337, occupied by R. C. Shaeffer."

"But that name means nothing. I've never heard of an R. C. Shaeffer."

"That is the report, Mrs. Billings. If you wish further assistance, you should contact the proper authorities."

"Thank you," she said, bewildered.

She rang police headquarters. Yes, they would look into the calls for her. They would send a man to the Blakeshire to investigate R. C. Shaeffer, would call her to come up to the hotel and see whether it was someone she knew.

Later, hurrying into the office, she stopped at Ruth's desk, whispering, "They're investigating him—the police. They're going to call me to identify him!"

Every time the telephone rang, she pushed back her chair expectantly.

The wastebasket tipped over as she jumped up to answer. It was only one of the clients. "Yes, Mr. Zelling," she said flatly. "We'll have it for you to-day for sure."

And so on through the morning. It was afternoon.

Then . . .

"This is Sergeant Manning, Mrs. Billings. The Blakeshire Hotel tells us R. C. Shaeffer left this morning."

"You mean—you don't know where he is?"

"No. Probably out of the city by now. I don't think you'll have anything more to worry about."

"But I've got to know. I've just got to."

"Umhum." The sergeant sounded sympathetic. "Mrs. Billings, you'd be surprised how many reports of this nature come to our attention. It seldom amounts to anything. If I were you I wouldn't get

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Continuing . . .

The Breather

it another thought. If he rings again, let us know."

"Thank you—anyway," she said.

She stood there. What was it her grandmother had said when her brother was killed in that wreck . . .? It wouldn't have made any difference if he had stayed a day longer. If something's going to happen, you can't stop it.

Ruth glanced her way. "Heard your telephone conversation. Left, eh?"

She nodded.

"Well, now you can forget all about it. Prob'ly one of those nuts who pick numbers at random out of the book. Finds the name of a woman and rings her."

Linda said very low, "My number's still listed under Howard Billings."

Ruth's hands tossed the matter aside. "You're making a mountain out of a molehill. Wish I had a bob for every time a guess-who called me up."

She said nothing. She wondered why she could not see it as they did—Ruth and the sergeant. Why she was now more terrified than ever, trapped, helpless. R. C. Shaeffer. Moving closer. Stalking. Sergeant Manning had said, "It seldom amounts to anything . . ."

Linda stood up, holding to the edge of her desk. "Ruth, you'll have to do the Zelling lay-out. I don't feel well."

"Gee, you do look sick." Ruth sounded concerned. "Of course, I'll do it. Go home."

Her hat, gloves, and purse gathered together, she looked down at Ruth. "Can you come and stay with me to-night?"

"I really can't. You know how mother's been."

"Perhaps you could come over later."

"I can't, Linda. Honest."

So she left.

Home, on the couch, she tried to sleep while it was yet light, but she could not close her eyes.

And after darkness fell about the little house, she began to know terror in a way she had never experienced before. It was not because the rain lashed at the windows. It was not because the old fir thudded on the roof. He was as close as the bushes, standing there, collar turned up, water dripping from the pulled-down brim of his hat, watching, waiting for the lights to go out.

Ironing her blouse in the dinette, she struggled against the thought which kept whispering: "This is the night. It was all leading up to to-night."

She tried cleaning the cupboards. It made too much noise. She tried to read.

At 11 she could leash her terror no longer. She telephoned Ruth.

"Please come over. You've got to stay with me to-night."

"But Linda," Ruth answered in a warm sleepy voice. "I'm all ready for bed—just got out of the bath."

"You've got to come," she said fiercely.

There was a pause, then, "Now listen, Linda. I'm not going to leave mother just because you're worried about something that amounts to nothing. If you're so scared why don't you—"

Ruth's voice was cut off.

Linda went around the bed to the window, pushed aside the blind, and cupping her hands to her eyes peered towards the Hansens'. Their house was dark. She had always been glad there was no house across the street from hers, for during the evenings she had liked to watch the sky redden through the grove of trees, but to-night the trees suggested violence.

She tried to reason with herself: If anyone attempted to break in, he would have to make a noise, for the house was locked up tight. She could call the police and they would be there in no time. Patrol cars were close by.

But would she hear him—with the wind and the rain?

The lights dipped, flared up again. She fastened her attention on the chandelier. If the lights went out she would start screaming. But they continued to burn brightly.

She opened the chest of drawers, took up the jacket of the suit she was knitting, stationed herself in the living-room. The click of the needles went faster and faster.

A gust of wind shook the panes and the tree scraped against the side of the house. The lights dipped, steadied. It was like a warning.

The needles dropped from her fingers. She had to get out of that house.

I'll go to Ruth's, she thought wildly. Then she remembered. She would have to back the car from the garage.

Then came the blessed thought of a taxi. She would call a taxi!

The telephone was dead. The storm. The telephone was completely dead. She moved through the house quietly, with a knowing, darting-eyed quietness, got the kitchen knife, slipping it under the knitting in her lap as she sat rigid.

From her corner she could see the cupboard door opposite the bathroom. And her certainty that The Breather was near could have been no more a certainty had the closed door slowly pushed open.

Her hands were like hunks of ice, her teeth sank into her lower lip. And in that frozen, straight-backed position, she watched and she waited.

When she heard the sound that was not storm—the sound on the front porch—she did not move, only her hand moved, gripping the handle of the knife under her knitting.

The window! She was out of range of the glass in the front door. He could not see! She could creep to the window, unlock it, jump out and run.

But she would be out there with him in the dark. He might be hoping for exactly that.

She did not move.

. . . .

Next day newsboys shouted: Beautiful girl brutally murdered! Read all about it!

Returning home from work, the cry like a gong reverberating through her brain, Linda swooped up the paper from the lawn and with shaking hand opened the door.

She would never know how she had lived through last night, why her heart had not stopped still from terror.

At the first rays of light she had dashed to the office. She would never spend another night in that house! Never!

She would get the clothes she needed—go to a hotel.

Inside, she dropped to the arm of a chair, ripped open the rolled newspaper. The eyes of the dead girl laughed into hers—a girl photographed with her silver-blond hair blowing about her face.

"Estelle Kirkpatrick, well-known model for the Windsor Agency, found murdered this morning in her apartment at Royalcrest Arms. Police searching for R. C. Shaeffer."

The rug lifted and fell, like wine-mottled waves. The floor lamp bowed to her.

R. C. Shaeffer! Calling-girls in the night! She was next on his list!

In the bedroom the telephone rang.

She whirled about, trembling hands outthrust to push away the sound.

Only sunlight pouring through the windows could have given her courage to answer.

"Linda!" Ruth's excited voice. "Have the police rung you yet?"

"No! What is it?"

"The papers—did you see the papers?"

"Yes—R. C. Shaeffer."

"They've caught him, Linda. That poor girl. How awful—hiding in her apartment and waiting till she was asleep."

"I was to be next, Ruth. He must have telephoned her the way he did me."

"Linda—no! The radio explained it all. A friend of Miss Kirkpatrick told police that three years ago Miss Kirkpatrick told her she feared for her life. She showed the receptionist a snapshot of herself and a man and said if the man ever came up there looking for her to say she'd left town—said she was having her phone number changed and the new one would be silent.

"She was even having her name changed in the hall of her flat building. Then a few days later this man was arrested on a narcotics charge—sentenced to prison. Got out just two weeks ago."

"But me—he rang me."

"Linda, can't you see? Police checked hotels — every place. When they found out about Miss K. having her number changed—about this man she was afraid of . . . they put two and two together.

"The complaint you made about the calls. He'd been in prison three years. The radio said — a young woman reported mysterious night rings. They bee-lined it after R. C. Shaeffer—he's really Maurice Holden. Caught him in a stolen car 300 miles away."

"But me, Ruth."

"Linda, you poor dear! You are upset. Listen. Three years ago Estelle Kirkpatrick had her phone number changed, but she didn't move from her flat. She stayed there.

"Two years ago you moved into your new house. When the telephone company installed your phone they gave you her old number. When R. C. Shaeffer got out of prison, naturally he remembered his girl-friend's old number — knew where she lived. When he rang you he thought he was ringing Estelle Kirkpatrick."

"Oh—Ruth!"

The receiver fell with a clatter, banged against the table, and dangled there. She leaned against the wall, began to cry and to laugh.

She put her hands to her mouth in a effort to choke back the laughter, put her hand across her cheek, smearing the tears.

Then she ran around the bed, flung open the window.

In the living-room her eyes met the eyes of the dead girl laughing up at her from the floor where the paper lay. With a wordless little cry of compassion, she darted for the paper, rolled it right, twisted it, ran out to the backyard, and thrust it into the incinerator. Then she raced through the house, opening all the windows.

In the living-room again, she parted the billowing curtains and watched the trees rock gently against a softening sky.

And the little house was filled with the fragrance of life, with the green smell of grass washed with rain, with the perfume of late summer roses.

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Daughter of the House

By CATHERINE GASKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MILLS

THE hall at Drumknock was washed with the sunlight from the open door. Maura ...g the bell and stepped inside, ...king a little at the dimness of ...t where the sun did not reach. ...truly, it was a lovely house, she ...ught. It was white and high, with ...taircase that made you glad just ...ook at it.

...t was the dogs who came first, ...gentle scraping of their paws ...inst the wood. At the foot of ...staircase they halted and waited ...Sheelagh, who followed them ...

..."Maura! Everyone's kept you ...ing! Mother will have my head ...e's been wild to see you ever ...e you arrived, and now such bad ...mers when you do come. She'll ...me for certain you'll never come"

...Lady Margaret sat in the drawing-..., a forest of blue and green ...ery rising behind her. She ...ed forward in her chair and ...tched out her hands. Maura saw ...woman she didn't recognise except ...dim remembered blueness of her ...

..."My dear, how good of you to ...e and see an old woman. It's ...my old loves, like Gerald, who ...member me when I was pretty, ...ever come now."

...Maura, taking her slim hand, re-...entered the coquetry which would ...ve love her.

...Margaret pointed to a chair close ..."It's such a long time since I've ...you—you were a mere child. ...course, it doesn't seem as long as ...to me—once one's past forty ...e goes by unnoticed."

...She stopped talking suddenly, and ...ed into Maura's face, as if search-...for the signs of what the years ...been to her.

..."But I'm so glad," she went on, ...at you're back with us. Gerald ...lived too long in that house by ...self. I know he must have ...ced Tom back with him, badly." ...She sighed.

..."I'm sorry the wedding is in ...don—so many people here would ...e liked to be at it. But perhaps ...e better out of it all. Weddings ...all so self-important. Sheelagh ...s it's to be a small one."

..."Yes. Both of us have been work-...pretty hard all winter. We didn't ...like bothering with the fuss."

..."You're right, I'm sure. It's only ...very young who enjoy the fuss ...their own weddings."

...Tea was brought, and she dele-...ed the pouring to Sheelagh, her ...ttention never leaving Maura for ...a long.

..."I hope you won't find it dull ...r after London."

..."I don't expect to find it dull."

..."My dear, how can you tell? The ...t of life you've had won't fit you ...the routine, or lack of it, you'll ...t in a country house buried in ...wood. There aren't plays and ...erts and clever people dropping ...every two minutes."

...Maura felt herself tighten with ...ld annoyance. "I think you're ...ely just to the Irish, Lady Mar-...."

..."Yes, child, but tell me what there ...to do here except ride—and you ...t ride, do you?"

..."No, I don't—but I'm bringing ...stland over from England. We ...ll use her."

..."Yes, I expect you'll have things ...ough to fill in the time. Though ...I can't see is any child of Des-mond de Courcey's settling down in the country."

"My father loves Rathbeg."

"He loves it all right, but does he stay there long? He does not! Your father is too fond of the sort of life he's made for himself to stay in a place where he doesn't see a fresh face from one end of the month to the other. A remarkable man, your father. Does he like Tom?"

"He's very fond of Tom."

"That's a good thing—then it's hard not to like Tom."

And so they went on talking while the shadows moved in that white room, until abruptly the flow ran out. There was a little pause, then Lady Margaret motioned to Sheelagh.

"Darling, would you go and get the silver mirror from my dressing-table—I've suddenly thought that I'd like Maura to have it."

She brushed aside Maura's small sound of surprise, watching Sheelagh as she left the room.

"Sheelagh's a good girl. I know I'm difficult very often—but she's kind. Much kinder than one deserves. She would have made a good wife for Harry. You knew, didn't you, that she and Harry were going to marry?"

"Yes."

"I had wanted that so much. She and Harry suited each other so well." Her gaze travelled restlessly, finally coming back to Maura.

"You've got good hands — yes, they're quite lovely hands. And that green ring. That looks good on them. Did Tom give you that as well?"

"I saw it in a window in Bond St.," Maura lied uneasily. "I liked it."

"Yes," Margaret said absently, as if it was already forgotten. "Will you play something for me? Sheelagh tells me you play."

Maura sat down at the piano. She slipped off the rings and laid them side by side. The one Tom had given her, and Johnnie's ring.

She played for about twenty minutes. Sheelagh had come in as quiet as a cat and taken a seat behind her. Margaret sat quite still, looking straight before her at nothing. The minutes had moved past them gently while Maura played, and when she was finished and took up the rings again, and turned about on the stool, it felt no longer afternoon in that room, but evening.

Margaret stood up. "Thank you, my dear. You play well. Now, come here. I want you to have this."

She placed a small mirror in Maura's hands. The frame was a filigree of thin silver, so delicate it seemed as if it couldn't bear the weight of the age-spotted glass within.

"This is not a wedding present," she said. "I'll find something for you and Tom later. This is just for you because I've taken a fancy to you. It was my own, you know. It was given to me in Florence. I've always thought it was something that should be given, not bought or left in a will."

And Maura looked at it and saw that it was a love gift—the thing that a man gives to a woman because she is beautiful, because he wants it to be close by, something that she will touch and look into.

"It's beautiful," she said. "I don't know how to thank you."



Maura's voice was urgent. "Mark, tell me—what is Johnnie thinking? What does he think about himself—about Irene?"

Margaret said, "I'm glad you're having it. It is beautiful, isn't it? It's always been one of my best-loved things." She did not say if her husband had given it to her.

She bent forward and kissed Maura's cheek. "Good-bye, my dear. Thank you for coming to see me."

Maura saw, as she moved towards the door, that her walk was still graceful and light.

.

Maura felt the sharp, hot splinter of sunlight which came through the opening in the curtains long before she opened her eyes. She opened her eyes and sat up abruptly, wondering why a sense of disturbance and agitation should suddenly oppress her.

There was no reason for it—the small noises about her were the ordinary peaceful noises of the morning.

She flung the bedclothes aside and went to the window, tugging at the curtains; the full burst of sunlight was hot on her face and bare shoulders. Yet the air that met her was soft still, but changing quickly with the heat of the morning.

She went back and stood before the dressing-table. Thoughtfully she touched the silver looking-glass, feeling its thin frame between her fingers lovingly. And then in a second her eyes had fallen on Johnnie's jade ring, lying where she had placed it last night.

She caught it up, held it out before her—held it out to catch the sun. All the disturbance of the morning was contained in it.

"Of course," she said aloud. "Of course—it's Johnnie."

She put it down slowly, and yet she was full of excitement. Her eyes went back to her reflection in the mirror.

"You fool," she said to her own image. "You fool. Did you think you could keep him out like this?"

She turned away. With a kind of detachment she saw that her hands were shaking slightly as she began to dress. The room was growing warmer from that constant stream of sun. The zip of her cotton dress stuck, and she left it as it was, half open. As she took up the comb, the young maid knocked and opened the door.

"Good-morning, Rose."

"Good-morning, Miss Maura. You're dressed very early. But sure, it's a beautiful day."

She laid down her tray and began to pour milk into the cup.

"Rose, I don't want any this morning. I can't wait."

"Will you not have it when it's poured, and all? Sure, t'will not take more than half a second."

"All right." She finished combing her hair while she drank the tea.

The girl was eyeing her curiously. "Did you know, Miss Maura, that your dress is not done up?"

"Yes, yes, it sticks. I can't wait to fix it." She put the comb down. "I must go."

The maid listened to her rapid footsteps along the corridor. Then her eyes fell on a pair of walking shoes she had brought freshly polished from the kitchen.

"Gone off to Master Tom at the stables, I'll be bound, and her in bedroom slippers," she said, faintly shocked.

Maura didn't find Tom at the stables.

"Master Tom's off exercising Lucy, Miss de Courcey," the groom said. "He was going to take the path by the wall."

She turned and made to cross the stable yard again.

"Miss de Courcey!"

"Yes?"

"Would you not go back and change your shoes? You'll get them wet and muddy on that path."

She stopped and looked down at them. "It's done already, I'm afraid. Can't make them much worse." She smiled at him absently and went on He pulled his cap back to its position on his head, watching her out of sight.

"Yes, and break her neck on

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Continuing . . . Daughter of the House

them, most likely. Well, it's her neck."

Beads of sweat had broken out on Maura's forehead and neck by the time Tom, riding Lucy, came into view. When he saw her he waved and urged the mare into a trot.

She stopped and waited for him to come near. When he drew Lucy in beside her and dismounted, she could feel the pulse in her throat leaping with the excitement of her heart.

He didn't say anything until the mare was secure, then he turned and looked at her. She saw the knowledge that was already in his face.

"Well, Maura?"

"Tom . . ." His name choked strangely in her throat. She put up her two hands to it. "Tom . . ."

"Yes?"

"I've come out to tell you . . ."

"Yes?"

"I've come to tell you that I'm going away. I'm not going to marry you."

He seemed neither surprised nor angry. He caught her hand gently and led her through the long grass that chilled her feet, to the stone wall which reached above their heads. He fumbled in his pockets for cigarettes and matches. She shook her head when he proffered the packet.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"I don't know . . ."

"Just tell me."

She stared ahead at the wall, old and mottled with green moss.

"It was when I woke," she said. "It suddenly felt like coming back from the dead. Nothing that went before it seemed real. Tom, try to understand—all these past ten days were a lost world. You know what that means . . . I've got to see Johnnie. I've got to go to him."

"You've got to see Johnnie?" He leaned back against the wall. "Will that do any good—after last time?"

"Last time doesn't matter," she said. "That's not the point. The point is that I love him still."

"You love him very much?"

"Yes . . . you know what I'm trying to say? I love him in a way that makes living with anyone but him impossible."

"You're obsessed with him, aren't you?"

"Call it that if you like. But if you understand that it's an obsession, then you know why I've got to see him again."

He said nothing for a long time. She watched his face, turned sideways to her. He was hurt, but not surprised—not in his heart surprised or without understanding.

"I shouldn't have come here," she said at length. "I should have known that I would keep this sickness for him. It was unjust and unfair to you. But I've done it, and I'm going now. There are no amends I can make."

He gave the faintest shrug. "It was my mistake as well. There need be no amends for the kind of selfishness which made me bring you here. A marriage of convenience doesn't work when one of the people is in love the way you are with Johnnie."

"It wasn't a marriage of convenience."

"Well—a marriage of mutual affection and respect. Which doesn't make it love."

He flicked the cigarette into the wet grass.

"I don't love you, do I? I wish I could have loved you, Maura, but I can't. So you're quite free to go. There aren't any obligations or tears. There's been no crime committed."

"Yes, but I blame myself."

"Oh, don't pretend, Maura. You're a woman in love. You don't blame yourself about anything. There's room in your mind for only one thing now, and that's Johnnie."

"That's true. But you're so matter-of-fact."

"Why not? I'm not a romantic boy any longer."

He straightened. "I'm going back to the house."

She stayed close to the wall and watched him while he mounted the mare. Suddenly she started forward.

"Tom!"

"Yes?"

"What will you do?"

"When? Now?"

"No, when I've gone."

"How do I know?"

"You'll marry someone else?"

"What a thing to ask me. I'll look after myself, Maura. I always have."

He wheeled the mare and rode quickly down the path between the trees. She watched until he had disappeared—the pale green light of the trees, whose leaves his passage had stirred, washing the air after him.

She followed him, conscious of wonder at what an awakening on an early summer's morning had done.

MAURA waited for an hour in her father's room in the Temple. She sat in the chair before his desk with her hands limply folded in her lap. Now that the time for seeing him had come she was calm in a way she hadn't expected; it could have been fatigue from the journey which lent this calmness to her, or, she thought, a surfeit of emotion had killed her capacity to feel much more.

Whichever it was, it had given her a sense of peace and order, a kind of balanced coldness which she knew would stay with her while she talked to him.

She had sent him no message of her coming—and she was here before a letter from Rathbeg could have reached him. It seemed almost too far away to remember clearly standing on that bridle path yesterday watching the smoke of Tom's cigarette.

But his perfect composure afterwards she would remember: he had telephoned Dublin about her plane while Gerald listened in uneasy dismay. There had been no confusion in her departure; he had made it no more extraordinary than if she were a guest who catches an unusual train. But he had been wonderfully kind.

She grew ashamed when she remembered his kindness. He had taken the blame of it for himself, and eased her going, telling half-truths to Gerald for her sake.

The drowsy afternoon air, the sunlight which soaked the brown carpet and curtains, seemed to stir suddenly and move at the sound of her father's voice in the next room. She felt two spots of color come to her cheeks; she leaned forward in the chair, watching the door.

He came immediately . . . told him she was there . . . caught the change in his . . . just the instant before . . . patient rattle of the door . . .

He banged the door . . . behind him, looking at her . . . the same time.

"Maura, why are you . . . Is there something wrong?"

"I've come back because I'm not going to marry Tom."

It was only when she had said it that he shrank away from her. And it was not the expression of anger she saw, but his hand . . . laid the hat he carried on the desk and turned away from her. He seemed not to know what to do with himself.

She saw him walk . . . chair and pull it out. He didn't sit down; he went to the window and stood there . . . this way, outlined against the summer sky, his body . . . huge and bulky. Both hands were in his pockets, his head wrinkled unhappily across his back.

"I suppose it's this fellow Bedley?" he said.

"Yes."

"Has he written to you? Has he been to see you?"

"No."

He turned around. "Then what has happened?"

She spread her hands. "It's not as simple as all that. How can I tell you except to say I can't marry Tom?" She raised her head to him exactly. "Father, I've got to see Johnnie again."

"You say he hasn't written to you, and yet on some mad caprice you decided you won't marry Tom? Maura, what are you thinking of?"

"I've got to see him. I'm going to New York."

"To New York . . . to New York?" He took a step towards her. "Have you gone mad? This man has told you he won't marry you."

"That was two weeks ago."

"Two weeks ago—two years ago! What difference does that make? He said he won't marry you."

"When Johnnie said that, Irene had been dead only a few days. His whole world was upside down. But he's had time to think since then. Time to come to his senses as I did."

"Do you call this coming to your senses?"

"The real madness of it was allowing Tom to take me to Ireland. If I hadn't been in such a weak daze I would have followed Johnnie immediately. I wouldn't have left him alone—he's sick."

The incredulity was plain on his face. "Have you no pride or decency? Irene is dead less than three weeks. What are you thinking of?"

"Irene loved him as deeply as I do. She couldn't live without him, either."

He drew one hand out of his pocket and pointed at her. "Maura, be careful! Un-

FOR THE CHILDREN



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There's a story in this street . . .

LOOK AROUND. Three things will impress you about this street and this town, both so typical of the many you will find throughout Australia. Firstly, the people — busy, cheerful, friendly. Secondly, the shops — bright, modern, well-stocked. Thirdly, the motor vehicles that line the footpaths or shelter under the trees.

Let's take a closer look at those vehicles — for that's where our story comes from. That new green Vauxhall sedan. That belongs to Doc. Stewart. He uses it a lot. Got to, for he covers a lot of territory looking after the sick and the injured. That blue Holden Utility belongs to young Dave Roberts. He started a hardware business when he was discharged from the army — found he needed a reliable runabout to keep pace with the growing demands of his customers. That big Bedford bus in the centre — that's the one that picks up kiddies for miles around and takes them to school. That vintage model Buick on the left is the proud possession of old Henry Steele. He's a sort of handyman. Folks reckon it runs on a ha'porth of petrol and the power of Henry's picturesque language. That Chev. truck further down the street is Bob Carpenter's. He's got a farm about eight miles out and needs something big and tough to handle his produce.

The more you come to look at a street scene like this, the more you come to realize just how important the motor industry is in the life of any community — how progress has come to depend more and more on motor transport. And everywhere you look you will see the cars, buses, trucks, utilities of the General Motors family — in fact, almost one vehicle in three on our roads today bears the trade-mark — GMH — General Motors-Holden's . . .

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now you haven't been able to push this man about. He has at least enough wisdom to know he ruined Irene's life. He's capable of ruining yours. What if he still refuses to marry you?"

"Johnnie and I love each other. I know if I go to him it will be all right."

"And what about Tom?"

"Tom? . . . Tom is all right." Her voice softened. "Father, you love Tom as much as I do . . . you feel about him as you do for Chris. Could you honestly say that you would wish to see us married when we have no reasonable hope of happiness? Because there isn't a doubt that I would make his life wretched."

"Isn't Tom the best judge of that? Didn't he still want to marry you even when he knew about Sedley? Tom loves you."

"Tom doesn't love me."

"Who said not?"

"He did. What you don't know, Father, is that he's been in love once in his life, and it isn't with me. Oh, he feels a great affection for me—as I do for him. But he doesn't love me."

"Then whom does he love?"

"An Italian girl—she was killed in a raid on Florence. Tom was so much in love with her he's never likely to love another woman again in his life. No one ever loved more surely than Tom did—in a way that makes him understand why I must go to Johnnie again."

"I didn't know," he said humbly. "Tom never told me."

"There was *no purpose in it.* Nor would I have told if it hadn't been necessary to make you see how things are with him. He wanted to marry me because we understood each other and, I think, because I'm the only person to whom he's ever talked about Gena.

"He won't grieve for me, Father. He'll marry in time—probably he'll marry Sheelagh Dermott, who was engaged to Harry. She's lovely, and she'll suit him better than I. And Gerald loves her. Father, can't you see that the happiness of both of them rests more safely with her than me?"

He was reluctant to answer. "I suppose so."

Then abruptly he was in protest again. "But you would have forgotten Sedley in time. These things don't go on mattering forever."

"Are you certain? Would you be willing to risk my happiness and Tom's on that?"

"Happiness? Ah, yes, but will you be happy with Sedley? That's no certainty, either."

"Why not? We love each other."

"Irene was a most lovable woman—and a pliant one. He couldn't make her happy. Don't you realise what this man is like, Maura? He's unstable. He's typical of the sort of people who have had their money made for them, loafing around Europe, trailing a wife behind him, giving her no permanency, killing her love, killing her—or both—before he's through."

"Oh, you're not fair," she burst out. "You don't give Johnnie a chance. What does it matter if he doesn't want to make textiles? There are other ways of living."

He said slowly, "You're deserting all the things that I've expected you would have. You'll live in a different country. I'll never see you unless I go over there—and you know how I detest America. There's so much in your life I'll never know again if you go. Is it too late to tell Tom you've made a mistake?"

"It's much too late. It was too late last Christmas Day when we met Irene and Johnnie on the bridge. Do you remember that? You see, I do love him. Far more than you'll ever understand. I love him so much that everything else grows small beside that fact."

A softer tone came into her voice. "I wish you could see how I feel about him—share it in some way. Because it's my life it should be part of yours also. I can't help hurting you by doing this—that's just the way things are."

He came and sat down in his chair. She saw him looking at her, his eyes resting on every detail of her features as if he were trying to discover the kind of person she was. She waited for him to say something, for his reproaches. Instead, he drew a piece of scribbling paper towards him across the blotter.

His voice was breathy and uneven. "I won't have him separate us, Maura. No one is going to do that to me—after all, you are my daughter, and we've done better things together than most people."

He wrote something quickly on the paper. "If you go to America it will be at least with my help. You'll want to fly—it saves time. And I must find someone in New York for you to stay with — the Treasury won't give you dollars for hotel bills. I'll think of something. You go home, now. I'll be with you in about an hour."

.

Before Customs' examination had finished, Maura heard her name being called over the inter-com. In the strangeness of that early hour the sound of it had a feeling of unreality; she looked about her and half expected that *some other figure* would detach itself from the row before the Customs benches and walk quickly through the swing doors.

The officer chalked her bags in a bored fashion. "Looks as if someone wants to see you in a big hurry."

"Yes . . yes, I think so. Is that all?"

"Sure. You can go now."

There was no sign of Johnnie when she came through the doors into the main hall—there was nothing familiar about the place except what is familiar to *every airport. The trickle* of people who had travelled with her were going towards the airline bus, or stood gazing about her as she did.

She turned and went to the inquiry desk. "Have you a message for me?"

"What name, please?"

When she gave it the girl nodded in the direction of a row of lounges.

"The gentleman on the right is waiting for you."

As she had spoken her name he had lowered his newspaper. Now he stood up and took off his hat. He came towards her and held out his hand.

"I'm Mark Brodney. Johnnie sent me."

"Where's Johnnie?" she said. "He cabled that he'd be in New York to meet me."

"Sure, I know." He was of middle height, and heavily built; he had straight black hair and horn-rimmed glasses. His voice had a curious deliberateness.

"Look," he said, "would you like some coffee, or would you rather go right on to town?"

"I'd rather move on."

"Sure." He touched her arm. "We'd better stop by the bus and get your bags."

They waited beside the bus, not speaking, until the luggage was brought out. He took her cases then and led her towards a car.

As he started the engine he glanced across at her. "Get much sleep?"

"Not much. I suppose . . . I was excited."

"Yeah. I guess you were."

They drove through streets at which she never looked. "Where's Johnnie?" she said.

"Oh, yeah . . . about Johnnie. He couldn't be here, so he asked me to come. He said you'd probably remember hearing about me."

"Of course, I remember. Why couldn't he come?"

"His father's pretty sick. In fact, he's dying. Johnnie's in Pittsburg. He didn't cable you because I said I'd be here to bow you in."

"What's wrong with his father?"

"A kind of a stroke, I guess. The doctors say he won't live more than a couple of days."

"I wish I'd come . . . some other time."

"Why should you?" he asked. "The one thing a woman's good at is making a man feel better."

She didn't know what to say to him. He made her feel awkward and afraid because he made no attempt to talk to her the way a stranger does; he seemed unable or unwilling to manufacture conversation, and yet she sensed he was remembering each thing she said and thinking about it.

On the wide slope up to a bridge he spoke suddenly. "If I thought there'd be even a few minutes before a copper would be down on us, I'd stop in the middle and let you look. This is the East River and the Queensborough Bridge, and that tight, sweet little joint ahead is Manhattan. It's almost worth a row with a copper to look at Manhattan from here early on a June morning. The

Continuing Daughter of the House

HOLLYWOOD'S NEW STARS

SINCE the end of World War II, dozens of European actresses have gone to Hollywood confident that they would succeed.

But Hollywood hasn't suited all of them. Valli and some others who have returned home agree that Hollywood is not a paradise for movie stars.

Since then talent scouts have signed up Pier Angeli and her twin sister, Marisa Pavan. Ursula Thiess, a German photographic model who had failed in screen tests, Hildegard Neff, another German, who makes films in England and the United States, and Cornell Borchers, whom London film critics call the German Ingrid Bergman.

A picture story of several other European film stars with Hollywood ambitions, as well as some who have already gone to Hollywood, appears in A.W. for December, now on sale.

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Remember always — it is *not vanity to develop the* beauty of your face. Looking your best self gives you new confidence that lights your face magically — lifts your whole life UP.

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PC23

Beauty in brief:

SUMMER SKIN CARE

By CAROLYN EARLE

● How you care for your skin in summer is tied up with your own individuality and past experience.

WITH suntan, for instance, you know whether you burn, peel, and then burn again painfully.

People to whom this happens need protective sun preparations containing ingredients that prevent burning sunrays from reaching the skin.

Then there are skins which take a burn which leaves tan.

Here oil or cream which allows filtered sunrays to penetrate produces tan without a burn.

There is no doubt that lots of sun tends to dry and coarsen skin, so, even if your skin takes on a deep suntan easily, an oil or cream to lubricate the surface is desirable.

As well as generous creaming in the ordinary way, some borax added to luke-warm water is a mild pick-up for dry skin. Hot water has a drying effect, so be sure to use tepid to luke-warm water for the time being.

A switch from soap and water to cleansing milk is also soothing to dry skin.

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sings MARY LA ROCHE bright and lovely star of New York hit musical "South Pacific" brought to Australia by J.C. Williamson



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only time it's prettier is on a June night."

"Johnnie told me you were born in New York," she said.

"Sure—but you don't have to be born here to be a New Yorker. It's just something you catch on to—and you don't ever stop being one."

They left the river behind, and the viaduct approaching the bridge went straight past the tops of buildings in the clear line.

"Do you know the address I'm going to?" she said.

"Oh, yeah . . . the people your father wrote to. Well, you can take your choice about going there. I suppose you knew they were out of town?"

"Yes, but they cabled that they'd have the apartment opened and I could use it while I was here."

"That's your affair, of course. But if you want to inhabit a ten-roomed morgue on Park Avenue you're certainly welcome to it. Perhaps you could amuse yourself by tossing a dime to see which of the four bathrooms you're going to use."

"How do you know?"

"Went round there yesterday. Just thought I'd see what they were letting you in for. There was a woman there dusting the place because an English K.C.'s daughter was going to use it. Do you think you'd like to go there?"

"Where else will I go?"

"I've got an apartment west of the Park that's got an extra room. You can use it if you want to."

"But the other place?"

"I'll phone—say you haven't arrived. Or you've gone on straight to Pittsburg. I'll say something."

"Thanks."

She leaned back in the seat and watched the eight o'clock city close in about them. She watched a train go by on the Elevated, and recognised scenes from all the films about New York that she'd ever seen. They crossed Park Avenue and Fifth, and reached the square where Central Park begins.

The apartment Mark took her to was close to the Park on West edge.

"I've rented it furnished for two months, so don't expect a homey atmosphere," he said.

The room he gave her was small and looked out on to another row of windows. Twelve stories down was the bottom of the light well.

"When will we have news from Johnnie?" she asked.

He shrugged. "Have to leave that to him. I don't imagine he wants to talk to you on the phone. You know Johnnie—what do you think will happen when his father dies?"

"He'll come here."

"Yeah . . . that's what I figured. So we'll just wait. I suppose," he added, "you'd like a bath. See if you can get a few hours sleep, too. I'm going to heat coffee if you want some."

At the door he turned again. "I guess you've heard the news?"

"What news?"

"About Korea."

"No—what?"

"About eleven o'clock yesterday morning the Northern Communists crossed the thirty-eighth parallel into South Korea. They're screaming blue murder to United Nations."

"What does it mean? What's going to happen?"

"No one knows. We just hope it's going to stay a local war." He began to close the door. "Coffee will be ready in about five minutes."

.

Their taxi drew into the parking line in front of the Plaza. The heat of the morning sun had grown into a midday fierceness beating down on the tall buildings, on the sudden green break of the Park.

Mark reached out and opened the door. "Well, this it it. This is the money—the goods! Fifth Avenue. This is what you take your hat off to."

Continuing . . . Daughter of the House

She got out, raising her head to look up into the blinding sun at the distant tops of the buildings on three sides of them, and then to the fountains in the square. "Well . . ." she said, "you make wealth attractive."

"Who gave you the idea that wealth isn't always attractive?" He slammed the door. "Let's eat. My stomach tells me you must be starving."

He took her into a shaded green, white, and gold room. Maura felt the new coolness on her arms. He turned aside and ordered, then lit cigarettes for both of them.

"Do you think Johnnie will phone this evening?"

"He might. But we're not going to sit waiting for him. You don't spend your first night in New York waiting on a telephone call. I don't think Johnnie will phone you — he'll come."

"Has he been much in New York—I mean since he left London?"

"All the time until he got the news about his father."

"Has he been living at the flat?"

"Sure."

Maura's voice was urgent. "Mark, tell me — what is Johnnie thinking? What does he think about himself — about Irene? Did he want me to come?"

"Hold on a minute, will you? I don't like talking on an empty stomach."

He ate steadily through the lobster cocktail. Then he waited until she was finished and had laid down her fork.

"Has Johnnie written to you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I only cabled him when I was sure of getting a plane passage and when these people had fixed up about the apartment. I cabled his Pittsburg address that I was coming. He cabled back and said he'd meet me here in New York."

"Well, now we know where we are."

"What do you mean—'where we are?'"

"What I'm trying to get at is that you haven't any indication of what Johnnie's been thinking since the day in London when he turned you down flat?"

"Do you have to say it like that?"

"Would it be any softer if I said he refused to marry you? It all means the same thing."

"Yes, I suppose it does."

"Only you don't really believe that he did turn you down flat? Otherwise you wouldn't have flown in on that plane this morning."

"No — I don't believe he turned me down flat. Johnnie loves me."

"Sure he does. Not all the people who love each other get married. If that were the case I'd have half a dozen wives right now."

"We're not talking about you."

"Oh, yes, we are. We're talking about all the people who fall in love. Don't count me out because I'm not a golden boy like Johnnie. And don't count out the guy Tom, whom you've just taken a run on."

"What do you know about Tom?"

"It's easy, Maura. Do you think Johnnie hasn't told me everything that concerns you? Do you think that guy wasn't so sick to talk about you that I didn't hear about Tom and your brother and your father? Didn't I get the lot of it?"

"You must be tired of the sound of my name."

"Funny—but I'm not. I like your name."

"What about me?"

"My opinion of you can keep."

"Look," she said, "Johnnie won't mind if you don't like me. Not everyone likes me."

"Who said I didn't like you? Besides, I'd do anything I could for Johnnie when he's in a mess."

"Is he in a mess?"

"Do you call Irene's death anything but a mess? And Johnnie's father is dying. Just eat your lunch, Maura, and let me eat mine. I'm hungry."

They hardly spoke again until the coffee was brought, and he gave her a cigarette.

"Johnnie told me about you soon after I met him," she said. "We sat one afternoon on a hill, and he talked about you—I think I was even a little jealous then of the way he talked about you."

"Are you one of these women who break up friendships?"

"Mark, I'm being serious."

"Yeah, sure. So am I."

MAURA went on determinedly, "When Johnnie came back to London he told me he'd seen you again in Venice. You'd been moving about a bit, and you'd finished another novel. Johnnie envied you then . . . you unsettled him so much. Your life belongs too much to yourself."

"Are you going to blame me for whatever my life does to Johnnie?"

"No . . . I can't blame you. But at that time I think I wished Johnnie hadn't seen you. I didn't like you much. I went and got one of your novels then, hoping all the time it wasn't as good as Johnnie had said. But it was good."

"If only enough women tell me I write well, some day I'll believe that myself."

He stood up. "If you're finished, we'll go. There's a picture I like to look at, and I haven't seen it for more than two years. Would you like to come?"

Mark lay back in the taxi, not speaking at all as they drove to the Museum. When they got there he led Maura quickly through the entrance hall and up the long flight of wide steps to the picture galleries. The place was quiet in the glaring light of the sun on the glass roof, and their foo'steps were loud and sharp on the floor.

"I hadn't realised before," she said. "The guards are armed."

"Oh, sure," he said. "This is a tough country."

He took her to the El Greco painting of Toledo, and sat down before it.

"I come and look at it," he told her, "whenever I begin to forget how it's possible to paint greens and blues."

His action and abruptness were unlike Desmond in every respect, and yet he brought Desmond to mind. There was a unity of thought about the way he looked at the picture which might have been Desmond's own.

He turned to her at last. "Now let's get you straight."

"About coming over here?"

"Sure."

"Here?"

"Why not? Less noisy than other places—no one comes to look at pictures on a Monday afternoon. Besides, when you get tired of talking you can look at the Greco."

She gestured with her gloved hands. "Where do I begin?"

"That's up to you—what was the important thing before Johnnie?"

"My father."

"Well, begin with him—not the things I already know."

"Father was poor."

"That much I know."

She drew off a glove and began twisting it in her hands. "He came to Trinity College, knowing only what he'd learned from books, to take his scholarships. He discovered—or someone else did — a remarkable talent for music. My mother taught him about pictures. Or she began to—she died very young. In any case, my father has a way of outstripping everyone else once he becomes interested."

"Your mother died . . . then what?"

"I don't remember much about the early part except that Father did everything with us—he made us like adults when we were still children. Many people must have thought us unbearable and my father a fool."

"And what about Tom?"

"Tom was the one he always wanted me to marry. I think he wanted his grandchildren to grow up with a sense of belonging in a place where the family had been for a long time. What he couldn't do himself he wanted me to accomplish for him."

"You could see all this—and were willing to go through with it?"

"Why not? I saw no reason why not . . . except that there was no reason why I should marry Tom until I met Johnnie."

"Was that the only solution? Irene would have divorced Johnnie if he had asked her."

"That wasn't a solution—I've been brought up as a Catholic. It would have broken my father's heart."

"That time you went with Johnnie to Oxford—was it the thought of Irene or your father or your religion which sent you back? Which point of the three did your courage fail you on?"

"You don't make it easy for me."

"I'm just interested. Your father's grabbed so much of your life. I'm interested to know if he tipped the scales there, too."

"I can't say."

"Well, O.K. I didn't really expect you to. Then, after Johnnie said he wouldn't marry you, you went to Ireland with Tom. Tom knew about all of it, didn't he?"

"Yes. He knew. He thought once Johnnie was gone I'd be all right. I don't know if I believed that, but I knew a week ago, when I decided

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



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Continuing . . . Daughter of the House

was going to see Johnnie again, it was like coming back to life. I think from the time he had said he wasn't going to marry me, I'd been half dead. I didn't know what was happening."

"But you knew what was going to happen when you came back to tell your father?"

"I knew—or thought I did. I thought he'd be finished with me."

"You wanted to go through with it even expecting that, even with only a fifty-fifty chance of Johnnie having changed his mind?"

"It was the only thing to do."

"Sure." Then he added. "You're a strange woman."

"Not strange."

"Yeah—strange. You've lived in the shadow of your father all your life; he's kept you cut off from every other kind of life except what he wanted and planned for you. Have you wanted anything big that he hasn't wanted? Or done anything he hasn't done with you?"

"No."

"Only Johnnie?"

"Yes—only Johnnie."

He stood up. "Come on. I've got to go." He began to walk down the gallery.

"Mark!"

"Yes?"

"Aren't you going to tell me about Johnnie? It isn't fair. I don't know . . . what he's thinking."

"Haven't time. I said I've got to go."

Outside the Museum he found a taxi and gave the driver the address of the apartment. She leaned out through the window. "Where are you going? Can't I come with you?"

"I'm going to see an editor who doesn't like women."

"Do you have to see him today?"

"Look," he said, "a war broke out yesterday. Those who get there first get the jobs."

"You're not going to Korea?"

"If I can get someone to send me."

"I hadn't thought of that. Is it going to make any difference to Johnnie?"

"One way and another I think it'll make a heck of a difference."

The driver turned round. "I'm sorry, mister, but this isn't a parking place. There are benches in the Park for those who want to talk."

"See you later," Mark said. He raised his hat. "Get out one of those elegant English dinner gowns. I want to dine like a war correspondent on the eve of battle."

.

At three o'clock in the morning they left the night-club where they had been dancing. Mark stood on the pavement looking at the cab that drew into the kerb.

"It's five blocks, and round the south end of the Park," he said. "And it's a beautiful June morning. Do you feel like walking?"

"Yes. Let's walk."

Mark took her arm and they began to walk. They didn't talk until they reached Fifth Avenue, and there Mark halted abruptly.

"You won't see another sight like that anywhere in the world," he said. His tone was almost reverent. "Look at it."

The lights were dotted up and down the Avenue, and high up in Rockefeller Centre. They seemed hardly to have diminished since their early evening brilliance.

"Isn't it ever quiet?" she said. "Doesn't all this ever shut down?"

"It's sweet music to a New Yorker's ears, Maura. It's the noise and perpetual blare of these motor horns and the lights at night that make this town. I wouldn't want it any other way."

Then he pulled on her arm. "Let's find a drug-store and have some coffee."

They found one in the next block—a long chromium soda fountain with three people at it, and a sleepy attendant wiping the lids of ice-cream containers.

"What's yours?" he said.

"Two coffees. Black."

He slid them along the counter.

"Anything new about Korea?" Mark said. He nodded to the radio playing softly at the back of the counter.

"The capital — what's it called—Seoul—is being evacuated. The Government's leaving. Don't look too good." He took up his cloth and began polishing. "Well, I haven't grown too fat for my uniform."

Maura stirred her coffee slowly.

"Will Johnnie want to go, do you suppose?"

"Of course not. Neither will anyone else. If they do the job well enough, it won't grow into anything bigger than Korea. Much of it depends on what the guys at Lake Success can do about it. And all we can do is sit and hope no one makes any mistake."

Maura raised her head.

Unusual two-part mystery-romance

FIRST instalment will appear next week of "The Millionth Man," an intriguing and unusual two-part serial by Frances Malm.

Just as Janice Barton finds love and security again, after the death of her embezzler husband in a plane crash, she receives a startling communication that shatters her new-found happiness.

It also sends her off on a quest which, we are sure, will intrigue and puzzle readers as much as it did herself. And if you can anticipate the solution of this mystery — you are smarter than we were.

"Mark, do you think I've made a mistake?"

"About what?"

"About coming. Is Johnnie going to wait until his father either dies or pulls through, and then come and tell me politely that I'd better go back to London? Mark, what is it going to be?"

"Is that what you believe?"

"I don't know . . . a week ago I refused to believe it. Now I'm not sure. I'm not sure of anything."

"What will stop Johnnie from marrying you?"

"What stopped him before?" she said.

"Irene?"

"Yes."

He took out a cigarette and lit it. "Do you believe that Irene killed herself?"

She nodded. "Almost certainly. Irene would have killed herself rather than damage Johhnie. But he insists that he's wholly to blame. He thinks he ruined her, and he'd ruin my life as well."

"I was fond of Irene," Mark said. "But everyone pays for their mistakes. She knew what hers was—poor little soul. But two days after Irene's funeral," he added, "Johnnie would have believed he'd ruin any woman's life. It's possible he doesn't think that way any more."

She swung round on the stool and caught his arm.

"Mark, tell me the truth. You understand Johnnie perhaps better than anyone ever will. Do you think he'll marry me now?"

"Even," he said deliberately, "if Johnnie weren't crazy about you, two things are throwing him into your arms right now."

"Two?"

"Think," he said, "this is the time for Johnnie to take his stand one way or the other. When his father's dead he's either got to sell out of the business immediately or stick there for the rest of his life. He won't get another chance."

"What will he do?"

"I think even if the Korean business hadn't blown up that Johnnie would have hung on. You don't give up your claim to two generations' work as easily as all that. But in a day or two rearmament will start up again, and Johnnie won't as lightly walk out on war contracts as he would on making nylon petticoats. He'll be making uniforms again before he knows what's happened."

"And where do I come in?"

"You're here — that's all that'll matter to Johnnie. Because he needs you he'll take everything you've got to give, and hardly stop to count the fact that you left Tom behind and your father. He'll use you —Johnnie will. He'll marry you all right, and you'll be the buffer for his discontent."

He went on: "You'll see the side of Johnnie that isn't a success. And it won't be any use thinking he'll settle down to it in a year or two. He'll never settle down—he's going to be a misfit as long as he lives. But I guess you love him enough to take it."

"I think I do."

"Sure, I know you do." He got down off the stool. "Look, my sweet, you wouldn't have stood much of a chance if you hadn't loved him like that. I've had you round me near twenty-four hours, and if I thought you were phony I'd do everything I could to bust this affair wide open. I think I could have brought it off, too. Johnnie takes a lot of notice of what I say."

He looked at his watch. "I think we'll skip that walk. Central Park seems kind of bare at this hour in the morning."

In the taxi he leaned suddenly across and kissed her on the mouth.

"I think you're pretty swell," he said.

Then he lay back in his corner and closed his eyes.

.

Maura woke, even in the dimness of the room, with the knowledge that it was late—and with the sound of Johnnie talking to Mark in the hall. She got out of bed and opened the door.

"Johnnie!"

He took a step towards her, and Mark went swiftly in the direction of the kitchen.

"Your father?" she said.

"He died during the night. I got the first plane here this morning." He caught hold of her arm.

"I've got only two hours—I've got to go back. It's going to keep me away from you a long time, darling. I may not even see you for a couple of weeks. Can you wait here in New York, Maura?"

"I'll wait wherever you say—it doesn't matter how long."

He drew her closer and began to stroke her disordered hair back from her forehead.

"It'll all take time. The funeral—and I've been away from the plant so long it'll take time to get the hang of things again. This Korean business is going to make things different. You don't mind waiting, Maura?"

He went on stroking her hair gently, absently. She knew from the feel of it that he took her presence there for granted, as one does of the person one loves, and he was perhaps even at that moment, thinking of other things.

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The day the Baxters broadcast

OF course, catching a 4.30 morning milk train up on the ancient green hills of the Welsh border country was chicken-feed to Malcolm and Meg Baxter.

They had been intrepid about covering Africa from north to south in a jeep, and even more so about their third child, Iraq's, abrupt entry into the world in a Bedouin tent.

They had been notably stoical about the winter they spent with the Eskimos, and undaunted by the difficulties of guiding Sharon through the first six months of her life.

Then the nearest town had been the Rose Red City, half as old as time and more or less a write-off when it came to providing baby requisites—though Sharon liked the rock lizards.

They did not, therefore, get worried that evening about the early start which was to get them to London in time for a morning rehearsal for two broadcasts.

Meg Baxter laid out the only two good English suits they owned; Malcolm got out the tiffin carrier guaranteed to keep breakfast warm all night, and set the elephant bell alarm-clock, given to him by a faithful Indian bearer and guaranteed to wake even the long dead.

Then in turn they said good-night to their four children, Mecca (called Mecc), Peking (called Peke), Iraq (called Raq), and Sharon (called Rose), and told them that it was very kind of their friend Jane Bollinger to give up a whole day of her holiday to look after them.

"You'll have no trouble," said Malcolm Baxter to Jane. "They're a well-disciplined little bunch, thanks to Meg."

"Li Too will do the cooking," said Meg. "So you can be with the children all the time."

Li Too was the faithful and fat Chinese cook. Once, while sailing down the Yangtse River in a junk, Meg Baxter had saved him from losing a finger by blood-poisoning, and in return for this he seemed prepared to serve her for ever.

"And now, Meg," said Malcolm sadly, "we'd better run through those scripts before we go to bed."

Jane, who was blonde and slim, looked at them admiringly as she went to the door. They were so tall and grave, clutching great sheaves of typescript.

She felt they would broadcast as well as they did everything else, and was horrified when, as she opened the door, their elder son, Mecc, who was nine, poked his head round it and said:

"You'll make it. You'll be awfully good. Don't take it so dead seriously."

Not many boys of nine would dare to give their parents advice on this solemn subject, and Jane frowned at him as they went up the narrow farmhouse stairs together.

"You've got cheek, Mecc, haven't you?" she said. "What d'you know about radio, anyway?"

"Nothing," said Mecc, "but I know they're mighty scared."

"They can't be!" she said. "Why, think of the things they've done!"

"Anyway," said Mecc mysteriously, "that's why I didn't want them disturbed."

Jane stared after him as he went into his room, but it was no good trying to make sense of a whole lot of what the Baxters said.

She was even more baffled when, on her way to the bathroom ten minutes later, she saw Mecc coming out of Peke's room and heard him saying as he departed:

"I gave him The Seven Pillars of Wisdom and three candles."

"I thought Peke was asleep," said Jane sternly.

"She was snoring," said Mecc, "but I had something to tell her. So I woke her."

He fixed his bright blank eyes upon her, defying her to ask him anything else.

She didn't ask. But she kept on wondering all the same about The Seven Pillars of Wisdom and the three candles. Who wouldn't?

And while the wind blew coolly in from Wales, Meg and Malcolm Baxter, in the mellow lamplight of the sitting-room, smiled ghastly encouragement at each other.

Their script was written in the form of a light-hearted chat between a husband and wife who, though they happened to be well-known explorers, were primarily parents, and thus of special interest to pedestrian parents whose children were born neatly in nursing homes.

Mecc was right.

Whereas his father and mother could both face an infuriated lion the very thought of a microphone made them tremble.

Up to now they had always managed to avoid broadcasting. A boat or a plane or a train had always been just going to leave with their luggage on board, or Meg had been just about to have a baby.

But they were good parents and wanted their four children to be well educated and that meant a settled life for the time being. It meant earning money by writing books and broadcasting and keeping hens on a farm in Shropshire.

The place they had chosen for these various activities was remote enough almost to please them, and they tried to make it more homelike by building an African native hut on a patch of heath, and erecting an Australian gunyah in a sheltered valley where overhanging cliffs made the vegetation almost tropical.

In addition, two Bedouin tents and an Eskimo kayak on the river kept them from having claustrophobia.

But astronomical bills were about to shower on them. Mecc was to start at his prep. school next term, and Peke, a year younger, was to go to a similar institution as soon as she could learn to eat with a knife and fork.

The nurse she had had in the country of her birth had made her so clever with chopsticks that she refused to eat with anything else.

"I'll count five and then you begin," said Malcolm. "Remember, don't read it. Speak it. One, two, three, four, five!"

Meg (very high): "Do you remember the day the Moses basket slipped off the camel, Malcolm?"

Malcolm (stiff as cardboard): "Yes, I do. I forget which baby it was, but it was none the worse, Meg, for being trampled on."

"That's my line," interrupted Meg, looking worried. "For being trampled on by camels I recommend the Moses basket. It stands up to it as nothing else will."

Malcolm folded his script and got up.

"We'll go through it in the train," he said. "No point in our rehearsing. The people up there will lick us into shape."

Malcolm picked up the elephant bell alarm and they tramped off to bed.

Jane heard in a dream the sound of the jeep as it left for the junction



"You'll be getting out now," said Raq helpfully over the pit edge, and then sat back beside smiling Rose and Peke.

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Giles glared angrily at Jane as he finally crawled out of the pit. "I shall sue for damages," he was saying.

By Stella Martin Currey

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while it was still dark, and the next thing she was aware of was a smell of bacon, and something warm and solid sitting on her chest.

The something warm and solid was Rose, twenty-two months old, and big for that age.

Jane contemplated Rose with enjoyment.

"You're very beautiful," said Jane, "you double-dyed heart and cot-breaker. How d'you get out?"

Rose, suddenly businesslike, tumbled off Jane, and rushed over to the window.

"Mecc! Mecc!" she shouted, and stood on tiptoe. In spite of this she could not be seen from outside, and, roaring with rage, she pulled a chair over the carpet and scrambled on to it.

Jane leapt from her bed.

That was the first time she saved Rose's life that day.

"Mecc, take Rosie," Rose yelled pitifully out of the window.

"Don't make such a row!" shouted Mecc. "And you can't go! You'll tumble in yourself, and he won't like it! He's mad enough now."

Jane, holding on to Rose's straining pyjamas, wondered why even a Baxter should be walking over the turf outside the farm with a plate of bacon and eggs, a big plate, too, and a thermos tucked under one arm.

"Who gave you that, Mecc?" she shouted.

"Li Too," said Mecc briefly. "He's cooking yours now. You'd better hurry or he'll eat it himself."

Spurred on by the thought of Li Too eating her breakfast, Jane got herself and Rose dressed at a gallop. In the sunny dining-room Peke and her younger brother Raq were in the middle of breakfast.

"Good morning, Jane," said Peke, politely, chopsticks poised. "I'm having a treat, as Mummy and Daddy are away for the day. It won't do me any harm for once."

"Where's Mecc?" Jane asked.

"He's taking breakfast to the man in the elephant pit," said Peke, calmly.

Li Too, appearing with Jane's breakfast, grinned happily.

"I cook three eggs for man in elephant pit," he said.

Jane stared.

"What are you talking about?"

"The man in the elephant pit," said Raq. "We trapped him yesterday."

"It's not an elephant pit really," said Peke. "It's a digging for a well that didn't have any water, but it's rather like an elephant pit. Daddy showed us how to make one properly."

Jane sat down at the table and poured milk with a slight touch of frenzy over Rose's cereal.

"Lady Jane eat hot egg," said Li Too encouragingly.

Jane remembered that the first rule with the Baxters was to keep your head, and that it was difficult if you hadn't had much practice to know if they were speaking of fact or fiction.

She decided, as she was obviously going to need strengthening as the day went on, to eat her breakfast first and probe for facts afterwards.

As soon as breakfast was over Rose started for the door and Jane automatically followed.

"I expect Mecc's cycled into the village to get him some tobacco," said Peke. "If he'd died in the night he'd have come back to tell us."

Rose was by now making good time across the turf towards the wood which crowned the hill at the southern end of the Baxters' land.

"She likes the man in the elephant pit," said Raq. "She likes to throw flowers on to his face. I don't know why, but she does."

"Look here, Raq," said Jane sternly, "what is this rubbish about a man in a pit? Is it a doll you have a game with, or what?"

"No," he replied, "it's a man, a real man."

"We told you at breakfast," Peke reminded her. "We trapped him yesterday afternoon."

"Now what?" Jane asked herself madly. "Now what?"

Rose pounded unsteadily, but fast, up the path which cut the little wood in two. Then she plunged into the sea of bracken.

Jane saw ahead of them a clearing, where at some time not long past digging had been done on an extensive scale. Against one of the mounds of earth lay a large wooden lid fringed with a crust of freshly broken earth.

Rose, who had found time in her rush to collect a few flowers, now advanced at a trot into the open, and suddenly, with a final squeal of joy, flung herself face downward among twigs, bracken, and loose clumps of grass.

At once a roar, a muffled, but very angry and hollow roar, broke from the ground.

Jane saw that Rose's head protruded over a round pit, shored with timber. It was on the tops of the rough timber that the mossy lid was meant to rest. Once in position, the lid would hardly show.

Fearfully Jane knelt down beside Rose, clutching her brief skirt.

"It's a very deep pit," said Peke.

Jane's surprised eyes had to go farther than they expected to, nearly twenty feet to where, at the bottom, a brown and angry bearded face looked up at her.

The man at the bottom of the pit was sitting down on a camp stool, and near him lay various objects for his comfort, a covered bucket, a pile of blankets, a book, candles, a torch, and an empty plate.

"Hallo!" said Rose, fondly, and dropped a battered daisy on his face.

"Don't do that," he shouted at her. "I'm not actually dead yet!" Then, his eyes moving to Jane with a new resentment, "Yet another mad child! How many more of you are there?"

"I'm not a child," said Jane.

"She didn't know you were here till a few minutes ago," said Peke, reasonably. "You needn't be angry with her, too. She's grown-up."

"Well, you don't look it," said the man shortly, "but I'd be grateful if you'd be grown-up enough to help me out of here. Get a rope."

"Yes, of course," stammered Jane, "at once. I'm so sorry about this. I just didn't believe the children. . . . Oh, Peke, Raq, you devils! And how did you?"

"You may well ask!" said the grim voice from below. "An archaeologist trapped in a well-digging!"

"Oh, you're an archaeologist!" said Jane earnestly. "Then perhaps it hasn't been so bad. I mean the layers of rock— you'll have been interested in them."

The man, whose face was dirty and scratched yet handsome in a way which appealed to Jane strongly, looked at her with disgust.

"Madam," he said through clenched teeth, "I suppose you're one of the prettiest women I've ever seen, and one of the silliest. These children are pretty, too, but not silly.

"They, for reasons not clear to me, lured me into this pit. They worked darned neatly to do it. You apparently do not want me here, and yet you're doing nothing but talk a lot of rubbish about layers of rock, and giving me no help at all!"

Shocked at the yell of rage in which the last words were spoken, Jane scrambled up and looked wildly round.

"Peke, Raq!" she ordered distractedly, "get Li Too! Where's Mecc? Don't you realise . . . we must . . . do something! Hold on to Rose! Don't let her fall in!"

"Here's Mecc coming on his bike along the road," said Raq, with interest, "and he's got a rope ladder! He's going to let you out," he said, conversationally, over the pit edge.

"Oh, wonderful!" breathed Jane.

"Mecc's coming," she told the man in the pit as well, "and he's got a rope ladder!"

"I shall horsewhip him, and you, too, when I get out," said the prisoner, truculently.

Jane knelt down and looked at him seriously. Now that Mecc was in sight, and a great wrong was about to be righted, she felt it was necessary for civilised behaviour, or at any rate the promise of an attempt at it, to be restored before the prisoner reached ground-level.

He looked just the sort of man who ought to be trapped for female contemplation, but the Baxters' farmhouse was lonely and the children had provoked him considerably. No doubt he had had many murderous thoughts during the night.

"Will you promise me something," she said earnestly, "before we let the ladder down?"

"No," he said, adding cynically, "So you are in it with them, are you? Now comes the point of this crazy adventure-film behaviour! No promises!"

"Mecc said you'd got to stay there till after lunch," said Peke. "At least till after Mummy and Daddy start broadcasting."

Jane flashed a look at her.

"What's this got to do with the broadcast, Peke?" she asked swiftly.

"He's the man from Adventure Films," said Peke, flicking her chestnut plaits back, "and he was coming to see Mummy and Daddy yesterday and we put him in the pit to stop him."

"Peke!" breathed Jane, horrified beyond words. "Do you know what you've done?"

"Yes," said Peke. "Mummy and Daddy always get worried when film people come and try to get them to make travel films, and they were in a flap about broadcasting, anyway. So Mecc thought if they didn't see him it would be a help to them."

Mecc arrived at this moment, threw down his bicycle, and stalked towards a tree unwinding the rope ladder which he was carrying draped over his shoulders.

"Help me, please," he said to Jane. "Peke's hands are too small! And

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Continuing

The Day the Baxters Broadcast

he's not the film man. We made a mistake."

"A mistake!" gasped Jane, twisting rope round a tree-trunk rapidly. "Then who is he?"

"He's a man staying at the Royal Leeks, the inn in the village," said Mecc. "I went there to get some tobacco for him, they asked me if I'd seen him, and I said he was with us."

"How true," came gruntingly from the pit. "My name is Giles Tour."

"I apologise for trapping you," said Mecc formally, lowering the ladder.

As a dark tousled head emerged above ground, Jane caught a gleam of fear in Mecc's usually undaunted eye, and her heart softened.

She recalled the scattered, mysterious sentences of the night before, and realised how much affection and anxiety lay behind the trapping. Mecc's reaction to her sympathetic look was inevitable.

"Mrs. Davis at the Leeks was mad because you didn't turn up for dinner. She got duck for you," he said.

"And I hope you told Mrs. Davis why the duck waited!" said Mr. Giles Tour, flexing his arms and legs experimentally. "I shall explain the matter to the police when I sue your father for damages!"

"Damages," said Mecc sharply, "what are those?"

"We haven't damaged you," said Peke indignantly. "You've had simply huge meals, and lots of blankets, and The Seven Pillars of Wisdom to read, and we put so much bracken in the pit you couldn't hurt yourself when you fell in."

"Are you hurt?" asked Jane anxiously.

"Apart from being bruised all over, and this gash," he said, briefly turning his coat sleeve up, "I'm whole, but that's not their fault. These are not the damages I was referring to. A thing like this involves so much—Mrs. Davis at the inn, a ruined dinner, my inaccessibility when I was expecting a telephone call from London—all those things."

"Of course," said Jane hurriedly.

"Come with us down to the house and I'll clean that cut. Apology isn't enough, you know, Mecc. We must try to do something."

"It was smashing when you fell in," said Raq, hopping on one leg.

It was Peke who laughed first, a silvery impenitent sound. Jane felt her mouth tremble, and then like the gentle rain from heaven the laughter of Giles Tour fell on the place beneath.

Mecc did not join in. He frowned heavily on them and: "I'll go down the ladder and fetch the things up," he said. "That's a good copy of The Seven Pillars of Wisdom. I hope you didn't spill candle grease on it."

"Of course I didn't," said Giles, with dignity, "and by the way, congratulations on your trap. It was a masterpiece. And, as you pointed out, dry."

"Peke planted the bracken on the branches, and put the earth on," said Mecc.

On the way down to the house, Giles told Jane the lurid tale of the trapping. Of how, during the afternoon of the previous day, he had walked out from the village to see Malcolm Baxter, whom he did not know, but whom he understood knew something about Etruscan pottery and North African excavations.

"It's just the sort of thing he would know about," said Jane, sighing.

"You sound devastatingly uninterested," said Giles, looking at her in astonishment.

"I am," said Jane.

"A pity," said Giles, regretfully.

"Why?" asked Jane.

"Oh, just that I am interested."

"That isn't anything to do with it, is it?"

Giles shrugged.

"Vanity," he said. "One likes a pretty woman to be interested in all one does!"

"Silly ones, too?"

"I apologise for that," he said, "and take it all back. Are you any relation of these extraordinary children? You don't look it. You're so blonde."

"I'm not any relation," said Jane. "I'm looking after them for the day, and it's my chief ambition to pass them over, unchipped and in their right minds, to-morrow morning."

"It's other people you should worry about," said Giles ruefully. "When I think of how I followed that dear little thing you call Peke yesterday, trusting as a baby.

"There she was, running towards me when I came in at the gate on to the farm track, 'Please come, please come, my little brother!' she was wailing. 'He's stuck in a tree!' "

JANE giggled.

"Oh, I know," said Giles. "It sounds funny now, but what man, faced by such an exhibition of infantile panic, would not have run after her into the wood? I did. One doesn't think, entering a farm track in Shropshire, of elephant traps. I swear the thing was most efficiently done."

"And you were taken on the run," said Jane. "And you didn't know the Baxters. You've got a splendid lot of excuses."

He eyed her glumly.

"When you're an old lady, you'll still be laughing about this," he grumbled.

"Oh, I know," said Jane. "It's no use for me to say I'm sorry any more, but I am."

"What I meant," he said, "was that it was so eerie to sit at the bottom of that pit and look up at that embroidery of enchanting faces.

"I felt I couldn't appeal to reason in them. When they began lowering large meals to me I began to feel the situation might become really difficult."

"They didn't explain at all?"

"Not a word, but I knew they were united, and more used than most children to acting on their own."

"I suppose you threatened them?"

"With everything, from death downwards. They seemed uninterested, and never stayed long away. When it got dark, and all my shouting had brought no results, I began to imagine horrors."

"Mecc had even got Li Too lined up."

"Yes, that was one of the horrors," said Giles. "A gently amused Oriental face added to the others."

"Well," said Jane, "you'd better have a bath before going back to the village."

"Thanks," said Giles.

When Jane came downstairs after bathing the cut, finding clean towels, and generally trying to make Giles feel less injured, she found Mecc waiting for her.

"Li Too has got fried crispy noodles and chop suey for lunch," he said. "Do you think Giles Tour will stay to lunch with us?"

"He's a forgiving sort of man," said Jane. "You can see that, Mecc, can't you?"

Mecc looked remote, untouched.

"I'm sorry I made a mistake, but not sorry for the plan. You see, I took the wire over the telephone yesterday morning. It said the Adventure Films man was coming at three."

"Peke said it would have worried your father and mother to see him, but hearing this is going to worry them far more."

"They needn't hear," said Mecc swiftly. "Surely we can arrange everything so they needn't."

"I don't know," said Jane doubtfully.

"If everything is settled, it won't matter their knowing. They'll understand why we did it."

"They'll understand you were trying to help, but it's a queer way to do it. Why have you got it fixed in your mind about the film man worrying them, anyway?"

"He makes them want to set off again."

"And don't you want them to?"

"They won't," said Mecc fiercely.

"Then why worry?"

"They've promised not to till we're bigger, but they want to. They want to a lot. And they hate broadcasting."

"I don't think they hate it all that," she protested.

"They do. And they'd have hated it more if he'd been here worrying them yesterday."

"But didn't you think about if he'd been hurt, or not turning up at his job, as Giles said?"

"I didn't know about damages," said Mecc. "But I do now, of course."

His dignity was both absurd and touching. Jane felt beaten by it.

"You listen at two o'clock," she said, "and hear how good they are."

But at two o'clock, when Rose was having her afternoon sleep, and Giles and Jane—pretending hard, as two people do whose interest in each other grows more intense every moment, that their only bond is in external matters—were drinking Li Too's excellent coffee, the other three children were missing.

Jane turned on the radio and ran out to call them.

"Mecc, Peke, Raq, hurry! It's Mummy and Daddy on the radio now!"

No answer. The sunny hills and empty turf showed no sign of a child.

Back in the sitting-room Meg's voice was saying with nervous fondness:

"But of course we have al-



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The Day the Baxters Broadcast

ways tried to make our children able to think for themselves. Able to act in an emergency, on their own . . ."

Giles looked up at Jane, laughing.

"I can't find the children," said Jane.

"Does that matter?" asked Giles.

"I suppose not," said Jane doubtfully, "but I'll just go up and see if Rose is asleep."

As she went out, Malcolm Baxter, solemn as a church bell—heavens, Mecc was right, he wasn't any good—was telling how he had attended an Arab feast to celebrate the birth of Iraq: "I ate his health in mutton."

When she ran down again a few seconds later they had got to the tricky part about the Moses basket. The producer had been working them hard on that. They swam through it.

"Hello," said Giles, "what's up?"

"Rose isn't in her cot," said Jane.

She switched off the radio. "I can't bear to hear them talking when I've lost all their four children!"

Giles laughed lazily.

"You haven't looked for them yet. No need to look wide-eyed and tragic!"

"Do I?"

"Yes, come on, let's look. I'm longing to spank the lot of them good and hard."

"I'll ask Li Too," said Jane. "Perhaps he's seen them. But how can Rose have got out?"

"Most likely they've learnt from an old Tibetan how to be invisible," chuckled Giles.

That seemed as good a guess as any, and got better as the afternoon went on.

Two hours later they were still invisible, and Giles and Jane had combed the whole of the Baxter estate. Li Too, prised reluctantly from his washing-up, walked through the bracken and up the bare hillside shouting "Miss Peeping! Miss Peeping," accompanied by the fairy tinkle of a wind bell which he carried because he said the children liked it.

They were searching once more through the little wood. They even lifted the lid which Mecc had replaced on the pit.

"It's over two hours," said Jane, her voice trembling as they replaced the lid and walked hurriedly on, "and they just aren't anywhere!"

"They can't have got far with Rose," he said.

"But they have got far!"

Li Too, his wind bell whispering madly, was racing back to them along the path, his ochre-yellow face split with a grin.

"Rose Baby in tree!" he said.

Rose Baby was indeed in a tree, not very far up it, but hidden from the path below by a thick mat of leaves. She was fast asleep, and almost smothered in rope, snugly rotund in the smallest hammock Jane had ever seen.

"How they must trust each other, these Baxters!" said Giles, gazing upwards. "That hush-a-bye up there must have had the utmost confidence in Mecc, Peke, and Raq, or they couldn't have hauled her up there."

"How do we get her down?" asked Jane fearfully.

"The way she got up," said Giles. "We stand on that broad low branch, and play the rope out, and down she comes."

"Now, where are the others?"

"Be thankful for small mercies," said Giles. "We'll ask Rose."

Rose woke up when she touched the ground, and looked up at them from her cocoon of rope with a rested and welcoming smile.

"Rose up!" she said.

A piece of paper fluttered from between the rope as Giles unwound it.

"Mecc's writing!" cried Jane.

"Written in his own blood, I suppose," said Giles.

Mecc had written:

"We hid Rose because we thought it would give us a start. She didn't mind. You would stop us going if we told you, and we have to go. It is a debt of honor, and will pay G. Tour's damages by selling the kayak."

"What's a kayak?" asked Jane.

"A sort of canoe, one man, and very tricky, used by Eskimos."

"Had they one?"

"Yes, kayak on river," said Li Too. "Mecc's boat."

Jane looked at Giles reproachfully.

"Oh, I had a feeling when you were talking about damages this morning," she said, "that Mecc was worried by it."

Giles picked Rose up and balanced her on his shoulder. He looked, for the first time, disturbed.

"Look, Jane," he said, "let's get back to the house and ring the garage in the village. We'll ask them to send down my car and then we can look farther afield and take Rose with us. While we're waiting I'll go down to the river and make sure about the kayak."

"What d'you mean, make sure?" asked Jane fearfully.

"Just see if it's there," he said, "though I can't remember seeing it an hour ago when we were down there. But I might see something which will give us a clue."

"Don't stay away long!" she begged.

Jane, jogging beside him, felt happiness shoot through her, a separate stream of feeling, but as real as her anxiety.

"We weren't neglecting them after lunch to-day, were we?" she asked. "I mean nobody could think that you—that I . . ."

"That we were so interested in each other that we forgot the children? Well, what if we did?"

"But I'm supposed to be looking after them!" said Jane miserably.

"You were looking after them," he persisted. "You were as vigilant as anybody can be looking after a well-trained band of cut-throats like the young Baxters."

But before he got back from the river Jane had had a telephone call.

"The police?" said Jane faintly.

"Yes. Are Mr. and Mrs. Baxter at home to-day?"

"No," said Jane. "I'm looking after the children. Mr. and Mrs. Baxter are in London."

"It's this matter of the little canoe being found overturned in the river. Above the village just outside the inn Royal Leeks it is! Do you know anything about it?"

"No," said Jane, and added in a shaking voice, "but the three elder children are missing . . . yes . . . I'll . . . we've been looking for them for two hours . . . yes . . ."

That, she thought, was the worst moment of her life, but there was a worse one to follow.

"Pity you didn't get on to us at once!" said the voice sternly.

"Will you please help me now—quickly," said Jane—"I need it."

She ran out blindly to meet Giles, ignoring the hands he held out.

"It's your fault!" she cried. "If you hadn't talked all that rubbish about damages they'd never have gone off!"

"And what if it had been the Adventure Films man?" he asked grimly. "He'd have not just talked, he'd have got damages, and big ones, too!"

"Yes, you ought to have had more sense!"

"I like that, Jane!" he said. "And the police say I ought to have asked for help earlier! I wish I had instead of wandering about here with you. I ought to have done."

GILES looked at her with compassionate gravity, and picked up Rose.

"We'll go up to the village with Rose," he said. "We'll be less isolated there, and Mrs. Davis will look after her."

"Why did you want to come and find out about Etruscan pottery?" she cried. "If you hadn't wanted to find out about such an idiotic thing this would never have happened!"

"I'm glad it did—in spite of everything," he said.

By seven o'clock that evening, when Meg and Malcolm Baxter were due to broadcast again, Mecc and Peke and Raq were still missing, Rose was asleep on the couch in Mrs. Davis' parlor at the Royal Leeks, Li Too was making a statement to a young constable about his movements when the three children were last seen.

The river (unknown to Jane) was being dragged, all the available police in the country were scouring the lanes and fields and woods, Jane was waiting white-faced and trembling by the telephone, and Giles Tour, returning from yet another abortive foray, was thinking of Jane, and pushing his car to a death rattle of speed towards the Royal Leeks.

Meg Baxter, sounding as if she had learned quite a good deal more about broadcasting since the morning, told the group of head-shakers in the bar:

"In spite of all our adventures my four children have never given us a moment's anxiety."

It must have been just a second or two after that that Peke Baxter tumbled out of the police car in front of the Royal Leeks shouting: "Mecc, Raq, come and listen to Mummy! Doesn't she do it well!"

Giles, his car expiring under him, drew up an inch behind the police car, and yelled almost simultaneously with Jane, who came out of the Royal Leeks as if shot by a catapult, that most idiotic of adult questions: "Where have you children been?"

Mecc advanced on Giles with dignity.

"A man we know offered me ten pounds for the kayak once," he said, "but the worst of it is he lives in a village rather a long way off. It took us most of the afternoon to get there by bus, and when we got there he was out. But we waited for him."

"Did you?" said Jane feebly.

"And when he got back he was very surprised to see us, and he didn't want the kayak after all. We tried to take it with us by paddling down the river, but we let it drift off just as we were starting. We'd taken so much trouble, and we were just telling him all this, and saying he ought to try it, when the police came along."

"We were very surprised to see you," said Raq, looking up at the nearest policeman, "because we weren't lost. We knew where we were!"

"Perfectly!" said Peke. "We were going to get the last bus home."

"So now," said Mecc to Giles, "I wonder if you would accept the kayak instead of money for your damages? I don't want Mummy and Daddy to have to be sued, and it's a genuine Eskimo kayak."

"My dear chap," said Giles, taking Mecc's hand, "don't take things so dead seriously. All those things I said this morning were hot air. I'm in your debt—deep in."

"Are you?" said Mecc, looking up at him with clear eyes. "How?"

"To begin with," said Giles, walking over to Jane, "there were several things about that pit of considerable interest to an archaeologist. I intend to have another look at it."

"Shush!" said Peke. "Listen, listen, that's Daddy!"

Raq, suddenly as radiant as he was dirty, rushed towards the door of the Royal Leeks.

"Daddy!"

Then he stopped, and looked round doubtfully.

"It doesn't sound like him."

"Now our travels are for the time being over," Malcolm was saying tinnily inside the bar. "We feel no regrets. After our many journeys comes a much-needed rest!"

"Rest!" said Jane. "What a name for it!"

"When we've got them into bed to-night," Giles muttered, "and taken all rope ladders away, we'll mount guard at the foot of the stairs, and wait till their parents return. And you can tell me what your surname is."

He bent, much to the interest of the assembled police, and kissed her.

"Shush!" said Mecc, peremptorily. "Listen!"

"You have just been listening to the well-known explorers Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Baxter," the announcer said.

Mecc's smile was brilliant.

"They weren't bad, were they?" he said. "Better than I thought they'd be."

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Tired feet make your whole body feel years older. When they ache and burn, you must give the stifled pores a chance to breathe again. Revive feet in a Radox foot-bath. As the oxygen-charged water frees the pores of stale acid, your feet feel cool and refreshed.

RADOX
Medicinal Bath Salts
*radiates oxygen

DEFEATING THE DUMPS

A faulty digestive system is often the cause of that "down-in-the-dumps" feeling. Keep your digestive system toned by taking Golcryst, the golden health crystals that aid the digestion by a natural process which cleanses your system and helps clear up blood disorders. By taking GOLCRYST regularly you will soon be feeling and looking your normal self again.

For Irregularity, Neuritis, Boils, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Pimples, Biliousness, Gout, Blood Disorders—

GOLCRYST HEALTH SALTS

From the laboratories of Roche Products & Co. Ltd. Melbourne.

THE RICHEST CARAMELS OF ALL! "COLUMBINES"



Wholesome to eat . . . colourfully packaged . . . just the thing for kiddies' Christmas stockings.

BUTTER-RICH GLUCOSE-RICH FLAVOUR-RICH

Each "Columbine" is hygienically foil-wrapped for your protection.

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The Great Name in Confectionery.

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Make Baby's Hair CROW CURLY
4 Weeks' Treatment
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Knight QUILTED SATINS

"LETTIE"
Quilted satin in porto, royal, saxe, rose, black.



Knight CHINESE BROCADES

"AI LI"
Chinese brocade in wine, royal, saxe, rose, black, green, red, gold.





Glamour fabrics
Summery coolness
Comfy platform soles
Fine Knight workmanship and fit
MOST ACCEPTABLE GIFT OF ALL!

GIVE SLIPPERS FOR CHRISTMAS

GIVE Knights

"INA"—the beautiful gold-studded felt Knight—a value-packed 19/11

"INA"
Beautiful pure-wool felt in wine, royal, saxe, rose, red, brown or black with contrasting platforms.





N.B.—Christmas Knight's for men are soft pure-wool felts! The comfortable, friendly kind of slipper every man likes to dig his toes into. Flexible leather soles, too! Hard-working Dads and lads deserve Knights.

Christmas Knights are obtainable at 9 out of 10 stores throughout Australia

Make sure you get the genuine Knight slipper. Look for the name "Knight" on both the inside and outside sole.





"RITA"—with the beautiful French tie-silk collar

Knight BURNISHED LEATHERS

"TONY"
It's new, it's leather in midnight blue, holly-red, reindeer tan, night-black.



BUY WOOL—BUY NOW!



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Bikini Girl

A short short story
By JANET DUNBAR
Illustrated by Ron Laskie



WHEN Mrs. Robbins opened her son's letter and read that he had met the only girl in the world she didn't feel a pang. She felt relief, especially when she read the next sentence, which said he was going to get married as soon as he came home later in the year.

Jo had met the only girl in the world often enough during his seven years of Service life. He had always been quite open about his heart affairs when writing to his mother. He was as uncomplicated in mind at twenty-eight as he had been at eight, and as heedless and easy-going, too. If the wrong girl got hold of him, especially now, with his future assured . . .

Mrs. Robbins read the first sentences again. This was the first time Jo had actually mentioned marriage. And put a date to it. It looked as if he really had met the girl—and in England, thank goodness. They would be able to see her. Jo's mother sat down to read the rest of the letter.

The first two pages were all about this wonderful girl. It seemed Jo had met her at a dance at the film studios a few miles from the camp. They'd been making a big picture there for months, and the crowd of extras had got up a few dances and invited some of the troops over. Jo wasn't much of a dancer, but he had gone with the others—and wasn't he glad! For he'd met Lulu and they'd talked all the evening . . .

The third and fourth pages were about Lulu, too. Her name was Louise, but the film crowd called her Lulu—and why she hadn't been picked out long ago and made into a star, he couldn't think. But he was glad she hadn't been, or she would never have looked at him. She was marvellous. She was the blondest blonde Jo had ever seen and her figure was a wow.

Mrs. Robbins read on, and then sat very still. She heard her sister's knock at the door, but did not move as Daisy came into the sitting-room.

"What's the matter, Nell? You look queer," said Daisy.

"I feel queer. Jo's got a girl."

"That's nothing new," Daisy Moon commented. "What's she like this time?"

"Her name's Lulu and she's on the films," she said miserably. "She isn't our sort, Daisy. Listen to this: 'Wait till you see her, Mother—I wish I had a photo to show you. I wanted her to send the one that won her the beauty competition—the one where she's wearing only her bikini. But she says you might be shocked.' Daisy, what's a bikini?"

"It's a swimming-suit," she said. "The kind that reveals more than it conceals, so to speak."

"She isn't our sort, Daisy."

"I shouldn't worry. Jo's always had an eye for a fancy piece, but he doesn't marry 'em."

"He says he's going to marry this one."

Mrs. Moon's face became thoughtful. All kinds of complications were beginning to unfold now.

"You'll have to tell Mr. Boston," she said. Mr. Boston was the village grocer and a very old family friend.

"That's just it. What'll he make of this . . . this . . . Lulu. I don't suppose he's ever been to the pictures in his life."

"Oh, yes, he has." Daisy heaved with sudden laughter. "He says he used to like the pictures now and again in the old days, when there was plenty of shooting and cowboys. But now it was all girls kicking up their legs in the air and taking off as many clothes as they dared. Hussies, he called them."

"He's a narrow-minded old chap."

"No, only old-fashioned. He was a friend of Dad's, and you remember how old-fashioned he got to be. I wonder what he'd think of a girl in a bikini marrying his grandson!"

"It sounds awful the way you put it, Daisy! And I did hope Jo would marry somebody nice."

"How do you know she isn't? All these film actresses are really homey housewives at heart . . . so I've read somewhere. The thing will be to make old Mr. Boston believe it. Would you like me to tell him? You know how he's always said things would be just right if Jo found himself a nice wife."

Mrs. Robbins looked appealingly at her sister.

"I don't think you need mention the b-bikini, Daisy. Or her being a beauty queen."

But Mrs. Moon was firm. "Better tell him right at the start, Nell. It's sure to come out later."

"After all, it's nothing to be ashamed of," said Mrs. Robbins.

"No, there's nothing to be ashamed of—but village life is village life," said Mrs. Moon. "I'd like to see a glamor-girl living here myself—brighten up the place a bit. But would she be happy? I can't imagine a beauty queen who's been on the films settling here."

Daisy Moon turned to the door. "I hope Jo's told her about the shop. She'll need an overall behind a counter, not a bikini. Well, I'll be getting along. I'll pop into old Boston's on the way. I daresay he'll come down to see you after tea."

.

Old Mr. Boston came, in fact, well before tea. He was knocking at the door not long after Mrs. Robbins had washed up the dishes.

"So Jo's getting married?" Mr. Boston lost no time in coming to the point. She pulled forward the best plush armchair and he sat down and looked at her shrewdly.

"What's this nonsense about him going in for a film-star beauty queen?" he asked. "I'm glad to hear he's getting married, though. Just at the right time, when he's coming out of the Forces. Now, what's the girl like?"

"She must be nice." Jo's mother sought for the right words. "The lad's very much in love with her."

"That's as it should be, if they're going to marry. But I'm concerned with other things than love. Who is she? Where does she come from?"

Mrs. Robbins went to the mantelpiece and took down Jo's letter. She gave it to Mr. Boston without a word. When he had finished, he handed it back to her.

"I knew the lad was happy-go-lucky, but I didn't know he was a fool," he observed mildly.

"You've no call to say that! It's Jo's business who he marries!"

"Of course it is. But, as it happens, it's a bit of my business, too."

"That doesn't give you the right to dictate how my lad should run his life, Mr. Boston."

"I'm not trying to dictate any such thing." Old Boston's tone was still mild, but there was a directness about him which the village well knew.

"Now, look here, Nell Robbins," he said. "Let's get this right. The missus and I ran the shop for nigh on fifty years, and we did more than sell groceries and hardware. It was a place where people could come with their joys and their troubles and get a friendly word. It's the kind of shop you don't find in every village nowadays—and I'd like to see it carried on in the same way. It's only now that I realise how much the friendliness and atmosphere of the place was owing to my missus."

"You can't expect Jo to marry somebody exactly like Mrs. Boston!"

"He'd never find another like her. Now she's gone, I want to retire and look after my garden—but I want to leave the shop in the right hands. That's why I promised to put Jo in as manager when he came home for good. I'd like to see him take my place in the village. But not with that kind of wife."

"You haven't seen her."

"Jo's description of her is enough." He rose, and a twinkle came into his eye. "What is . . . a bikini?"

Mrs. Robbins hesitated, then defiantly repeated Daisy's description.

"Aye, that's the kind that wins beauty competitions, no doubt. I can't see that sort of girl staying in a village for long—or letting Jo stay, either," commented Mr. Boston, and took his leave.

It was Daisy who came to tell Mrs. Robbins that Mr. Boston was thinking of putting in a middle-aged couple to manage the shop. Nothing settled yet, but he'd be seeing them again Monday or Tuesday.

Mrs. Robbins had some news for Daisy, too. She had written to Jo, asking him to bring Lulu down for the week-end. Would Daisy give Jo a bed?

"Of course. And, Nell, ask old Boston to tea to meet Lulu."

"After what he said? He wouldn't come."

"You leave that to me," said Daisy.

She looked in the following morning, triumphant. Mr. Boston was coming on Saturday. Not that it would make any difference—no glamor-girl was going to charm him.

Nell Robbins didn't know how she got through the intervening days to Saturday. She hadn't seen Jo for three months, and now he was coming home with this girl—the beauty queen—the bikini girl——

Silly to think of her future daughter-in-law like that, Mrs. Robbins told herself fiercely as she spring-cleaned the cottage and cried unaccountably at odd moments. She was just realising how much she had been counting on Jo coming back to live in the village, with his future assured and a wife by his side.

Saturday afternoon was upon her before she'd done half she wanted to. The sitting-room was as bright as polishing hands could make it, her best tea-things were on the table. And here was Daisy just as the bus clattered past the window. Daisy was on the watch.

"They caught the train all right, Nell. There's Jo! And that *must be* Lulu, with the smart hat."

A minute later they were in the room. There were kisses, introductions, a flurry of talk. Jo was the same as ever—huge and cheerful, though there was now something added. The way he looked at Lulu showed that he was deeply, devastatingly in love. "Soft," thought Daisy privately—and then she began to stare.

Lulu was taking off her hat and fluffing out her short hair. Mrs. Robbins stared, too. Jo had described that hair as blonde—which, to Mrs. Robbins' and Daisy's way of thinking, had meant brassy, with stuff put on it. But the girl's hair was fair. Proper fair. Like their own had been when they were young.

And they'd expected somebody who was . . . well, good-looking. She was quite pretty, in a way, but a prize-winning beauty—goodness gracious! The sisters looked at each other.

Mr. Boston arrived, was introduced, and took his place with them at the tea-table.

"I said Mr. Boston would want to meet you, Lulu, seeing that we'll be taking over his shop," said Jo when they had all passed through a rather silent bread-and-butter stage and were going on to the cakes.

Mr. Boston looked across the table. "I fear the young lady will find serving behind a counter a comedown after a film studio."

"But I serve behind a counter in the film studio," said the young lady, *smiling*. "You don't think I try to act, do you? I run the canteen for the extras. I like a steady job." She turned to Jo. "And stop calling me Lulu. It's all right for the boys and girls at the studios, but at home I'm always Louise."

She was aware that the three elderly people were gazing at her with puzzled eyes.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked.

"There was," said Daisy Moon. "But things seem to be clearing up nicely, don't they, Mr. Boston? Now, Lu . . . Louise, m'dear. Did you or did you not win a beauty competition, dressed only in little short pants?"

"Did Jo tell you about that, too?" Lulu—Louise made a face at him. "Isn't he awful! I wish I'd never shown him the photograph or told him I'd ever won the competition. It's my Mum who's so proud of it. You see, I was only two years old."

(Copyright)



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Mary Hordern's Paris Notes

THE casual line shows the newness of the short, loose jacket, dipping at the back over very straight pleated skirts or slacks. With one exception the designs are Hubert de Givenchy's.



● Very young is the yellow gabardine jacket, above, worn with a straight white skirt and sailor-like hat. The jacket has an inverted back pleat and is belted low to give the curved line.

● One-piece dress, left, made in white crepe-de-chine belted and tied with a flowing bow of steel-grey organza. The straight-line cardigan-type jacket is heavy fuchsia satin.

● Kingfisher-blue surah, right, is finely pleated for a frock worn with a black-and-white tweed jacket. The jacket has a curved line, three-quarter sleeves, and two vertical pockets.

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on the Casual Line.



● Persian scroll design widely used this season is seen, below left, for a casual jacket lined with white terry towelling. Note de Givenchy's new up-cut trouser legs and oriental shoes knotted at toes.

● Linen slacksuit, above, is a Madeleine de Rauch model. The suit has a sleeveless double-breasted bodice-top and a wide decolletage finished with a rolled collar. The trousers are tapered to the ankle and cuffed.

● Slim one-piece, left, made in the new cotton tweed, printed in black-and-white. Jacket is tan suede designed with the new low-shoulder line, has contrasting knitted sleeves and a contrasting pale turquoise lining.

● Grey striped flannel trousers, right, designed with a shaped waist yoke. The white blouse, worn with a rose-red cravat, has flowing sleeves and an unusual yoke effect. Note outsize sleeves cut up at the sides.

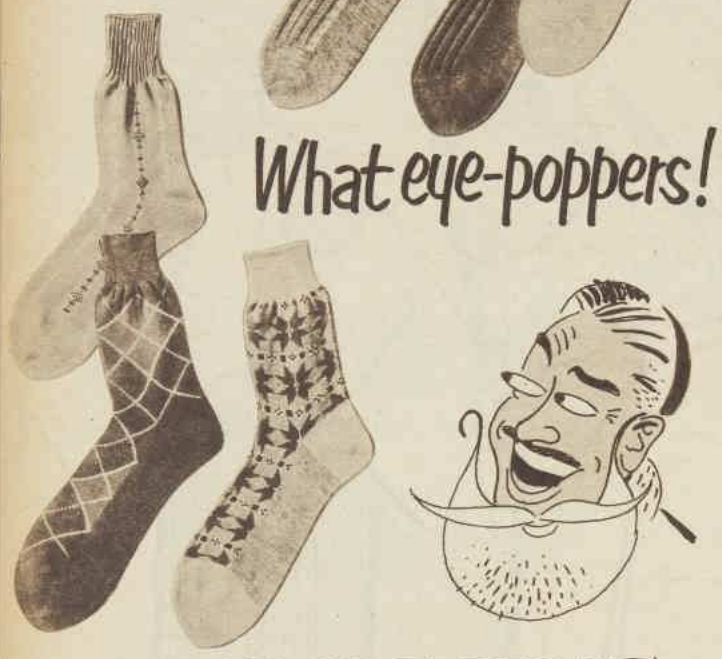
Dorothea Johnston

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Boy oh Boy!



What eye-poppers!



Give BOND'S

Socks to Santas

(Bless them—they deserve the best)

BEAUTIFUL QUALITY!
WONDERFUL VALUE!





... and just reaching the stores now—Bond's new ALL-NYLON "PEDS" in beautiful plain colors. They can't possibly shrink—no holes to darn. In fact you'd have to use an ice-pick to ladder them. They're ribbed to hug the leg. Cool, too—and you know how quickly nylon dries—overnight in the bathroom. Every pair carries a full guarantee from Bond's.

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

Here are some amusing ideas from the Paris boutiques, which are small salons on the ground floor of the fashion houses:

JACQUES FATH'S mob-cap beret in white pique worn straight on the head like a shower cap to cover the wearer's hair.

Givenchy's black lacquered wicker handbag designed with an over-the-top gold handle and matching gold clasp—perfect with summer cottons.

Desses' amusing necklet made in black patent leather decorated with a large fake stone set in gold filigree.

Fath's belt and handbag set made in coarse metal mesh edged with black calf.

At Rochas' boutique, the highlight in decor is a large mesh kangaroo with its pouch full of fake jewellery.

In New York, sheer fabrics, in light-hearted colors, made full-skirted and short-length, contribute a gay, young quality to party and dance dresses.

Lace over sheer is one of the most popular material combinations in this category.

A striking example of the fashion is illustrated. The dress combines lace and organza.

In California, chalky-white is a great favorite in swimsuits. A white elasticised one-piece swimsuit is the most popular design and is a striking accent to summer tans.

Novelty teenage fashion in New York are petti-loons—a design to serve as panties and petticoat in one. The garment is a knee-length pantaloon ending in a pleated, lace-edged frill.

In Florida there are small, bright prints on white grounds and native prints in Javanese designs.



D.S. 18. Party frock requires 4yds. 36in. lace for bodice and overskirt, 4½yds. 36in. chiffon for skirt, and 5½yds. 36in. taffeta for bodice and lining and underskirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Pattern price, 4/9. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

There is also a good deal of enthusiasm about cotton tweed.

Other color favorites are ice-blue, chartreuse, and coral.

From the Italian collections come brilliantly designed separates, crinoline ball gowns, leather shoes soft as gloves, and wonderful sports sweaters in heavy wool.

The latter are often finished with a high turtle neckline.

Hardy Amies, of London, recently designed a short satin evening dress in the new color "blood orange." The design featured long sleeves and deeply cut neckline on a moulded bodice buttoning to one side.

The dress was made for Joyce Redman, who wore it on stage in the play "Affairs of State."

Amies also designs clothes for members of the Royal Family. Norman Hartnell is busy designing formal evening gowns for the approaching season. Typical example of this designer's craft is a violet crepe floor-length formal, heavily encrusted with beads on a low-cut, cross-over bodice. On the opening day of the Balenciaga dress collection, a mannequin wore a huge scarf of white brushed wool. One end of the scarf was finished with a bow of fuchsia-red satin ribbon. The ribbon was for decoration only.

The high-necked slightly fitted middy is a big fashion on the Italian Riviera this year. The silhouette is often interpreted in terry cloth towelling with matching cotton knit at neckline and for cuffs.

The garment is worn over very short shorts. Another favorite on the coast is a small-brimmed jaunty hat of colored straw braid.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make



"ADRIENNE."—A cool short-sleeved one-piece maternity dress with an all-round gathered skirt. The dress is obtainable in floral anti-shrink spun. The color choice includes blue, emerald-green, tangerine, dark pink, and dark red flowers all printed on a white and grey ground.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in., 34in., and 36in. bust, 85/-; 38in. and 40in. bust, 89/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in., 34in., and 36in. bust, 64/6; 38in. and 40in. bust, 67/9.

"OLIVIA."—A sleeveless tailored shirt blouse obtainable in sheer linen in white, pink, and blue, and in lawn in white, pink, and blue.

Ready To Wear: Linen, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 42/-; 36in. and 38in. bust, 43/9. Lawn, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 25/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 26/9.

Cut Out Only: Linen, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 31/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 22/11. Lawn, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 17/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 18/11.

"JULIE."—Smart summer skirt obtainable in four-color printed waffle pique. The color choice includes saxe-blue, yellow, white, and grey, and green, turquoise, lime, and grey.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 24½in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist measurement, 57/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist measurement, 39/9.



* *NOTE, Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 47. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stoddart's Building, 21 Pier Street, Sydney.*

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Contest awards (cont.)

More 'wonderful days'

The most wonderful day in my life commenced in the steamy, overcrowded hull of a submarine. I was naked and bearded, my hair hung almost to my shoulders, and my body was coated with black grease.

TWO nights before, I had swum through a surf from a tiny beach on the southern coast of Crete and crawled aboard a submarine.

Behind me lay many months of suffering in a German prison camp, hiding in the mountains, and begging food from charitable Cretans.

Early in the morning of that memorable day, the submarine berthed beside its mother ship in Alexandria Harbor. The hatch was opened and the most beautiful sunshine I have ever experienced flooded down on me.

The day was one of great joy and not a little sorrow. I was free. The crew of the mother ship feted me. I drank whisky and soda with the Australian G.O.C., Middle East, in his innermost sanctum.

Officers of a famous English Guards regiment served me a meal that was fit for Royalty. I was congratulated by a bevy of distinguished officers and diplomats. The British Intelligence gave me immediate telegraph facilities to inform my parents of my escape.

A special messenger delivered to me a bundle of letters stamped "missing — address unknown." That is to mention but a few of the joys of that day.

One of the sorrows I had carried in my mouth when I swam through the surf to the submarine. It was a tattered piece of paper on which was scrawled a list of names. The names were those of my companions who had died on the island.

Many thousands of miles away, mothers, fathers, and sweethearts were waiting with an ache in their hearts for the contents of that piece of paper.

Another sorrow I was not to know for many months. The gallant crew of the submarine returned on a second mission to that little bay in Crete. It never returned. German gunners were waiting on the headland and, as it surfaced, shells crashed into its hull. There were no survivors.

The years have not dulled the lustre of that day. My eyes saw sunshine in all its purity, the kindly wonder of friendly faces, and my heart beat out a joy that was intoxicating.

Eleven years have served only to place that day in its *true perspective*—The most wonderful of my life.

£10 to MR. L. J. LIND, 31 Austin St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE for the best entry in the contest: Coronation tour for two. The winner and companion will fly to England and U.S. via Qantas/B.O.A.C. and across the Pacific home by B.C.P.A.

Travelling ensemble and afternoon frock by Madame Pellier.

Complete nylon lingerie outfit and fashion goods by Prestige.

Wardrobe of 12 pairs of Joyce shoes.

SECOND PRIZE for the second best entry: a specially fitted Ford Consul car.

THIRD PRIZE for the third best entry: a President Model 88 refrigerator.

FOURTH PRIZE of Hoover washing machine, electric polisher, and vacuum cleaner.

THREE PRIZES of £100 for the best entry in each of the three sections other than the entries winning the four major prizes.

THREE PRIZES of a Philips portable radio, each valued at £36/15/-, for the second best entry in each of the three sections.

PROGRESS AWARDS of £10 for entries published during the contest. 25 consolation prizes of £5 each.

How to enter

Choose ANY ONE of the following three subjects, then write your entry about it. You may be as brief as you like, but do not write more than 500 words.

YOU may send as many entries as you like, but each must have attached its own correctly signed coupon warranting that the submission is your original work.

Entries bearing nom-de-plumes will not be eligible.

1. **Describe the most wonderful day in your life.**
There is one specially wonderful day in everyone's life. Tell us about yours—as simply and as naturally as you can. You don't need to have any special talent as a writer. Sincerity and naturalness are what count.

2. **Tell us how you would entertain the Queen if she and her two children came informally for afternoon tea. Give the recipes for the food you would serve and say what three guests you would invite, and why.**
Say what preparations you would make, describe the appearance of the room or garden in which you would entertain the Queen, and say how you would serve the afternoon tea. The recipes you attach do not count in the 500 words allowed.
Your guests may be family, friends, or prominent Australians.

3. **Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second.**
You may choose any topic you like to be discussed between the Elizabeth who reigned nearly 350 years ago and the present Queen. Keep in mind the character of the two Queens and let each speak for herself.

Address your entries "Coronation Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Write on one side of the paper only. Put your name and address in block letters at the top of each page.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

The contest closes on January 16, 1953.

CORONATION CONTEST

December 10, 1952. Attach one coupon to each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

SIGNATURE
MR., MRS., OR MISS

ADDRESS

..... ***State***

DROUGHT

WAY back in the 1936 drought I had 60 pigs, 500 fowls, two cows, and a horse. I was carting water from a waterhole a mile away, and it had three days' supply left.

I was digging a well at the time and had not enough money to carry on unless I could get the pigs fat enough to sell, which would take another eight weeks.

My neighbor, who was more fortunate than I with finance, had put down a bore to 300 feet and had got only eight gallons a day, which was not very encouraging.

I well remember the day; it was a Monday. I was down to 48 feet and had been working from six in the morning until six at night. My wife was working on the top of the well pulling the dirt up. I noticed a bit of moisture, but could not keep going, so I went in and had tea and got my wife to bed.

Then I grabbed the lantern and went down the well on my own and worked until 10 p.m. There was then a little trickle of water, which was better to see than a seam of gold. It turned out to be 60 gallons a day, which was more than I needed for the stock.

Although it was ten o'clock at night, it was the most wonderful thing that has happened to me in my life.

£10 to MR. FREDERICK WEIR, Dairy Swamp Road, Belmont, Brisbane, Qld.

BUSH SHACK

MY husband was a woodcutter and we were camped in a tent with our two small children in the middle of the paddock where he was woodcutting.

We had a block of land and my husband had built the frame of a two-roomed shack and boarded the sides with camphor boards.

It was just as hard to get iron in the First World War as it is to-day. Came the rainy season and it was dreadful in the tent with the children. It was bad enough for my husband, so he decided I should go and board until we could get into our own little nest.

I was the only woman outside the proprietress in the boarding-house. There were about 60 men, the catering was for the sugar workers, and all one could see on the tables were sauce bottles, jam and syrup tins—and they were served as in the Army.

I worked hard helping the lady of the house and trying to keep my two little girlies out of mischief. How I longed to be with my husband and in my own little dugout, as I was expecting my third child.

One late afternoon my husband came to the boarding-house to tell me the iron had arrived and he had tacked it on here and there good enough for us to go into. No one knows what joy that meant to us.

Next day I went per rail motor into town to buy just what furniture we needed that would fit into our two 12 x 14 rooms. My husband had a big case of groceries in the kitchen when I arrived home.

I shall never forget the happiness and contentment that came to my husband and myself when we first stepped into our own two-roomed ground-floor little shack.

That was over 31 years ago. We now live in a six-roomed house and have a grown-up family of five children, but I still vote that was the most wonderful day in my life.

£10 to MRS. E. JAMES, Freshwater, Cairns, Qld.

For the first time in Cheese making

EXTRA FOOD VALUES ADDED!



NEW PROCESS adds precious lactose extra milk minerals to

Velveeta



COMPLETELY "DIFFERENT"

New Process makes Velveeta richer in food values than ordinary cheese! How? Precious lactose (milk sugar), much of the Vitamin B_2 and milk minerals are *lost* in making ordinary cheese — run off in the whey. But Velveeta *puts them back* — adding them to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates you need for perfect health!



New Process makes Velveeta spread like butter. And — you don't need butter! In fact, Velveeta on bread without butter gives you the scientifically *correct* balance of primary food elements.

New Process gives Velveeta a "different" rich yet mild flavour everyone loves. So, for EXTRA value, buy Velveeta in the yellow packet. Processed and pasteurized for purity.



For EXTRA value!

Made by KRAFT KL31

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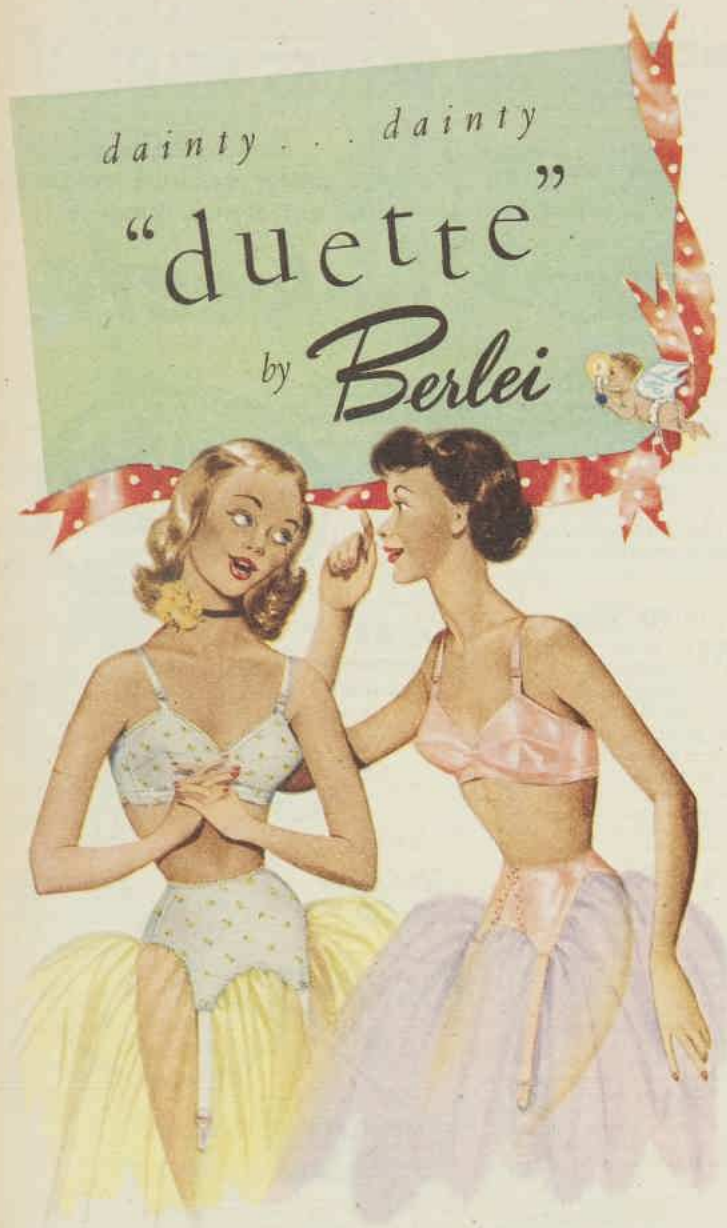
If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

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Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixoderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.

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Wonderful NEW idea for young "growing-ups"



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"Flatterback"

AN EXCLUSIVE BERLEI FEATURE

520 Suspender belt in rosebud embroidered batiste, assorted colours. Sizes 22"-26". Price, 25/6.

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524 Cross-over suspender belts in ribbon-trimmed satin, available in white, pink and black. Sizes 22"-26". Price, 17/9.

824 Bra to match in A, B and C cup fittings in sizes 30"-38". Price, 17/6.

Both designs available in broderie anglaise. Suspender Belts, 25/6, and Bra, 22/6.

Buy as set or separately.



YOUTH SUMS UP



Conducted by KAY MELAUN

The pallid intellectual or the rugged footballer?

THE question this week was: Which type makes the better husband—the sporting or the intellectual?

Seven out of the eight girls I asked answered the question in a highly personal way, as though talking of the man they could marry rather than discussing the matter objectively. Most of them would settle for an intellectual.

THE exception was Maria.

"Whether an intellectual type or a sporting type makes the better husband depends on the wife," she said.

"It would be no good if a woman who had the low intellectual capacity of a sport-minded man married an intellectual husband.

"An intellectual husband would be more of a companion in the home than a sporting one because the sporting ones go out at week-ends and leave sport widows behind them."

"IF you're a sporty type of person, the sporty husband would be better," said Joan. "After all, a champion tennis player would want to marry a man who was interested in tennis.

"For myself I couldn't marry a man who was purely a sporting person. A lot of girls think a big, rugged footballer is glamorous, but now I'm at the ripe old age of 22 I'm a bit past such thoughts.

"Some sporting men are good at sport, and have nothing on top.

"For me I think the intellectual type would make the best husband—so long as he was also able to play a bit of sport—even if he was interested only in fishing or just watching football. He wouldn't necessarily have to take part in madly competitive sport.

"But when I say I'd settle for an intellectual person I don't mean one of these intellectuals who live up in the clouds, and all they can talk about is Freud and Einstein's theory."

JOY thinks "half-and-half is best."

"Someone with a bit of brains who also plays a bit of sport is ideal," she explained. "The majority of women like their husbands that way.

"I might be different when I get older and won't be able to play much sport myself. But you'll find that most young girls prefer boys who play some sport. Older women like men with a few more brains."

Joy sighed, and added inconsequentially: "Girls and boys haven't got much brains in Australia. Take, for instance, these bobby-soxers, or widgies, or wodgies, or whatever you call them. They've got no brains at all."

WHEN I first talked to Marian she gave the palm to the intellectual type "because the sporting type, once married, would want to go out at week-ends."

We were interrupted, and when I saw Marian again she said without preliminaries: "I've changed my mind completely. I think I'd prefer a sporting husband, especially if you were interested in the same sports—tennis, and that sort of thing."

She added: "Really it all boils down to the fact that it doesn't matter what his interests are so long as they coincide with yours."

DAPHNE, however, who is 16, plumped outright for the sporting type. "They're more jolly and more jovial, and easier to get on with," she explained.

She paused, dismayed, when I asked her what she meant by an intellectual type, then said: "Something who walks round with a pipe in its mouth all day, and a book and a pair of slippers, and gets round the house like a dead fish.

"Men who are interested in sport are better-tempered because they have something to do. The others are never content. They're always wandering round looking for faults. The other type gets out of the house and plays his sport."

PRUE and Jan are both 19, and they both prefer the intellectual type.

"Someone who reads and has a thoughtful outlook," explained Prue. "That sort of man would be more intelligent than I am and would keep me striving.

"Besides, I just don't like listening to golf talk.

"Sporting men are nice enough to look at," she added, "but I can see them on the screen."

Jan agreed that "sporting types neglect you."

"Oh, I like a good strong hunk of a man," she added, "but not a mad sporting type. I'd much rather have an intellectual type because after you've had a family and all the mad romance there would be something left. Half the time these sporting men haven't got anything to say."

MONEY-SAVERS FOR MONEY-WASTERS

WHAT about trying some easy ways to save money? Put the result towards your holidays, or that one important suit for next winter.

- Why wear 15 denier nylons all day and every day? They were never meant to withstand workaday snags.
- Cut out that frantic taxi. Getting up 15 minutes earlier will have you at work on time and put 5/- in the kitty. If it's a short trip drop the idea that it's "only 2/-." Ten 2/-'s make £1—or hadn't you heard?
- How much do lunches cost you every week? And those extra cups of coffee? Take your lunch to work and get extra vitamins in milk shakes.
- Cut out the "it's only 1/-" items. You'd be surprised how many unused gewgaws are cluttering up the back of your cupboard.
- How much money do you waste at the dry-cleaners? You've got an iron, haven't you? Use it. And get at the small spots yourself.

DISC DIGEST

THERE are few popular releases this week other than a set of charming children's discs (EA4091/4), "Stevie to the Rescue," written and narrated by Sydney radio personality Jill Meillon for the local H.M.V. Company. So let's see what has been offering lately in the way of classical and semi-classical recordings.

* * *

MY choice of all is a modest single disc (LX1427), but what a treasure! It's the late Dinu Lipatti playing two of Bach's Chorale Preludes. Here is magnificent music superlatively played. Hear, too, pianist Lipatti's immaculate performance of Bach's familiar "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," on LB109.

* * *

THE inimitable Kirsten Flagstad makes one of her all too rare appearances on DA1904. She sings "The Last Spring," one of Grieg's gravely beautiful "Elegiac Melodies." This is the original vocal version, and Flagstad most suitably sings it in Norwegian.

* * *

IN gayer vein is Alda Noni, young coloratura soprano, in two jewel-bright Mozart arias from "Cosi Fan Tutte." The Philharmonia Orchestra lends polished support. This record (DA1986) should find ready favor with Mozart lovers.

* * *

NEATLY arriving in time for Christmas is a new Lanza recording of "The First Noel" and "Silent Night" on EC192. Unless you already have your favorite waxings of these carols you should enjoy Mario a great deal. If you seek a soprano version of "Silent Night," ask to hear Elisabeth Schwarzkopf on Columbia LC32. — BERNARD FLETCHER.

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Tact is Colgate's wonderful creamy, smooth cosmetic deodorant. Tact stops underarm odour instantly, checks perspiration effectively, is harmless to normal skin and fragile fabrics. Tact alone contains Hexetone — Colgate's exclusive ingredient which makes Tact safer. Tact lasts from bath to bath.

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NYAL
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15 hairsets for 3/11

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet — squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.

Get concentrated Curlypet for 3/11 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

CN.4

MOTHER



BUTCH



"Whaddya say we just keep the eight bucks we found an' th' heck wit' hidden jewels?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drain

MOST depressing news of the week concerns the fashionable figure for females.

French mannequins have long featured this figure, but the depressing part is that an American designer is catering for it in the mass market. And the mass market, ladies, means you and me.

The line is produced by rounded shoulders, a tucked-in rear, a concave effect in the upper forefront (delicately put, don't you think?), and a curve outward below the waist in front.

If you don't follow me, silly, hunch your shoulders and lean on your stomach. There, that's right.

I don't object to this figure. It can look elegant. If the fashion people decree anything within reason, such as bustles or hobnail boots, I'll be in it.

But the new shape is absolutely impossible for anyone less than five feet seven inches in height. If you are five feet three or under, just try it in front of a mirror.

Ludicrous, isn't it?

* * *

ROUND this time of the year, when school examinations are on, I always remember to be grateful that they didn't have vocational guidance tests in my day.

Whenever I read an article about the method used in vocational guidance I have a morbid fear that someone might ask me the questions even now.

What fills me with real horror is the one where they show you a drawing of a contraption of wheels and cogs and ask how one cog would move in relation to another.

Some of the questions are pleasanter. The other day a child authority was reported as saying that psychologists sometimes asked "hunch" questions. An example was, "When in a train, would you rather look at the scenery or at the passengers?"

The answer, of course, is: "That depends. The Canadian Rockies and the Marx Brothers would present a difficult choice."

But the trouble is that the authorities never reveal how they assess the answers. They might assess that one as mere impertinence.

* * *

THE International Association of Humorists, based in Paris, has a scheme to prevent wars by making everybody laugh.

Association leader Gabriel Perreux wants to fill a yacht with cartoonists and humorous writers and send it from port to port, inviting residents aboard for a laughing session.

From my experience of humorous writers in their private capacity, the residents will go away infected with dark depression.

* * *

JUST now, when parents are wondering how they will afford the Christmas toys, I am pleased to report the plan of one realistic mother.

Her 14-month-old son is like other people's 14-month-old children in his toy preferences.

So she is giving him a dozen clothes pegs for Christmas.

THE new trans-continental expresses, now in service on the run from Port Pirie to Kalgoorlie, sound wonderful.

They are air-conditioned, equipped with hot and cold showers, hot and cold water in each compartment, radio receivers, pianos in the two lounge cars, and glassed-in observation platforms.

If the trains are as good as they sound, the Commonwealth Railways may be able to sell the idea of "rail cruises."

There is no reason—or none which a skilled publicity man couldn't overcome—why the notion of a rail cruise could not be sold just as effectively as that of a sea cruise.

Of course, a rail cruise wouldn't have the sea, but the only difference between miles of sea stretching to the horizon and the Nullarbor Plain is that one is blue, the other brown, and the sea wobbles while the plain doesn't.

It is nice to watch porpoises, but surely relay teams of wallabies could be arranged, and of course there are always the mirages.

Besides, why do young people go on cruises? Not for the scenery but for the deck games, the dancing at night, and moonlight romances on the boat deck.

Well, there you are. I leave the rest to the ad. men.

* * *

IN London a Birmingham nurseryman bombarded flower seeds with X-rays, thus producing chrysanthemums which will keep fresh for six weeks. In America a scientist has bred fowls to lay eggs which keep fresh for a fortnight.

Cheer up, girls. They'll get round to us eventually.

* * *

AFTER earth tremors which shook several inland towns of New South Wales, a hotel manager at Gunning said: "I am quite fond of these tremors. They are good for the tourist trade."

Rome has ancient ruins, you can take your fill of art,
Paris—well, it's Paris, and the place to lose your heart;
London has its history, New York a pace that kills,
But why not go to Gunning, if what you want is thrills?
There are earthquakes in New Zealand and in Tokio, 'tis true,
They have their share of shudders in Lisbon and Peru,
Volcanoes in the Philippines and tidal waves and such,
But if you go to Gunning, it doesn't cost as much.
The waterfront at Singapore, the Hongkong Peak at nights,
The minarets of Istanbul, they're all rewarding sights;
But see Australia first, they say, and give yourself a treat,
For Gunning, when it gets the shakes, is really hard to beat.

your fingertips will sparkle like jewels



Peggy Sage

offers you
20 Bewitching Colours
PLUS the exciting new "shimmering" shades that glow like candlelight.

Peggy Sage brings magic to your fingertips with a jewel-like lustre that lasts and lasts. The dazzling array of subtly lovely colours includes the new iridescent "shimmering" shades that have swept America. *Ask to see the Peggy Sage range for complete hand loveliness.*

Peggy Sage

LOVELIEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY

FOR XMAS—IT MUST BE

Polo HANDKERCHIEFS



- Polo handkerchiefs are made from finest Egyptian yarns—guaranteed fast colours.
- Polo Handkerchiefs are hygienically packed singly in cellophane — or in attractive gift boxes of three.
- Polo Handkerchiefs are available in both men's and ladies'.
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OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

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Polo Handkerchiefs are manufactured by Thomas Heaney & Sons Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

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★ "Lastonet" stockings now available in Australia
★ Firm, healthful support for varicose veins
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two-way stretch
NYLON NET GIVES
comfort and coolness to every sufferer from the pains of varicose veins.

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1/4½ PER CARD
WITH TWO YARDS OF
MATCHING COTTON

Beutron
OPAL-GLO BUTTONS

Hot irons can't hurt them — They launder beautifully
You can tell dry-cleaners they're guaranteed!

It's the iridescent "Opal-like" finish that enables you to match florals, plains, all the new weaves for spring! You can take any type of fabric in any depth of color—light or dark—and your "Opal-Glo" buttons will reflect its color. No other buttons "pick-up" fabric colors like Beutron "Opal-Glo" buttons.



Beutron
boil-tested white buttons

Won't crack, discolor or lose their lustre, no matter how often they're boiled or dry-cleaned! Boil-tested in every known brand of soap-powder. *Your money back* if they deteriorate in any way! 1/6 per card with two yards of matching cotton.



Beutron ORIGINALS

"Absolute detail" reproductions of newest French and American buttons—selling at wonderful, little prices. Light-as-a-feather, some plated with real gold and silver, others pearly, some diamente-centred!

G. HERRING (AUST.) PTY. LTD., Dunning Avenue, Rosebery, N.S.W.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician,
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are told an amazing story of a "ghost whale" by survivors of a destroyed fishing fleet. Continuing on their journey in the "Argos," a drifting ship is sighted, and Mandrake and Lothar investigate. They believe the ship deserted until they discover the passengers and crew bound and gagged in their cabins. The captain tells of a glowing whale and of pirates who came from nowhere. NOW READ ON:

















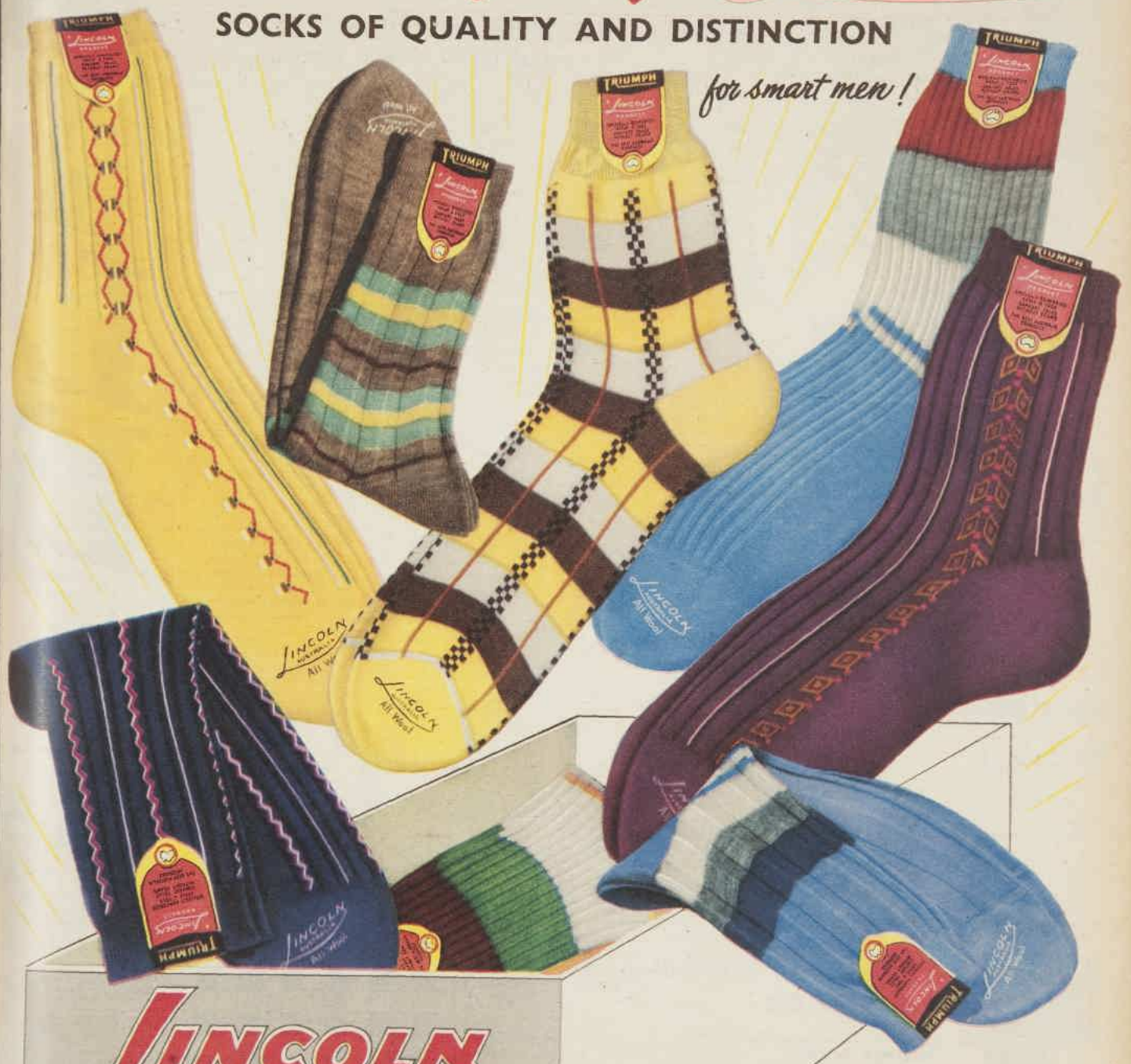
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Before you 'put your foot in it'

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SOCKS OF QUALITY AND DISTINCTION

for smart men!



LINCOLN

TRIUMPH SOCKETTES

All wool superfine quality with knitted-in elastic tops. Heels and toes reinforced with double worsted yarn for extra wear and seamless soles for maximum comfort.

L73c

The Gayest Coolest Summer Socks—right out of the box

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WHITE CLEANER

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IN TUBES — Kiwi New Process White.

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The "Vi-Lactogen and Lactogen Mother Book" is a 40-page, helpful, authoritative book which every mother should have. Free and post free. Write to "Nestlé's." There is an office in every capital city and at Newcastle.

NEXT BEST TO NATURAL FEEDING

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HOW CHAPLIN WORKS

WHEN Charlie Chaplin makes a picture, he uses methods that are entirely his own. He writes the scenario, acts, directs, produces, and personally shows most of the actors—male and female—just what he wants them to do. He also composes the musical score.

An exclusive report from New York on Chaplin's methods appears in the December issue of A.M., now on sale. Get your copy today.

Staisweet

Stay as sweet as you are with

Staisweet

The Deodorant you can trust

Staisweet

A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients

Adenoids can cause nose-bleeding

Sprained wrist needs time to heal

"NOW, lie still, young fellow," I told Bruce Ridge after I had plugged his bleeding nose. "It will stop soon if you don't move about."

"It often bleeds, especially if he runs around a lot," said his mother.

"To-day the bleeding would not stop, so I brought him to you. What causes it?"

"I can't say right now, Mrs. Ridge. It was useless trying to see anything while it bled. Tell me, does Bruce breathe through his mouth?"

"Yes, he does," answered Mrs. Ridge. "I often hear him snoring at night."

"Sounds suspiciously like adenoids," I said.

"But, Doctor, he had those removed with his tonsils over four years ago."

"He must have been pretty young. How old is he now?"

"He's eight," answered his mother. "He was four when they were done."

"Adenoids can recur," I told her.

"Like tonsils, they are a collection of gland tissues. I wouldn't be surprised if Bruce has another wad of adenoids behind his nose."

"How would that cause the nose bleeding?" asked Mrs. Ridge. "It never bled before they were removed."

"The adenoids are not the direct cause of the bleeding," I answered. "But they force Bruce to breathe through his mouth. Faulty breathing over a period of time causes a congestion of the nasal passages, which leads to the breaking of small blood vessels. Hence, the bleeding.

"If you take him to hospital on Thursday morning I'll look to see if the adenoids are there. If they are, I'll remove them.

"I'd like him to see a physiotherapist later on," I told Mrs. Ridge.

"He has probably forgotten how to breathe properly and will need exercises to help him learn all over again."

I later told Bruce's mother that in about six months' time the boy would need radon therapy. Radon is the radioactive gas from radium. It has a shrinking effect on gland tissue. If any adenoid tissue remained after the operation the radon would offset the possibility of its growing again.

AT the local tennis club the audience was tense with excitement. It was the deciding match for the club championship.

As Ralph Peters jumped high for a smashing return, something went wrong. He seemed to reach too far back, slipped, and fell sprawling.

He was too shaken to continue the game, and forfeited the match.

Three weeks later he saw me at surgery.

"Hullo, Ralph," I said. "Sorry you had such hard luck in the club finals. Did you do yourself any damage?"

"I hurt my leg and sprained my wrist," he told me. "The leg's O.K., but the wrist is still painful."

He winced as I pressed the side of his wrist over the base of the thumb.

"You have more than a sprain here, Ralph. You can have it X-rayed in the morning and I'll let you know the result to-morrow evening."

The X-ray showed that Ralph's fall had fractured the navicular, one of a number of small bones in the wrist. It is called navicular because it resembles a ship in shape.

I had to explain to Ralph just where the bone is.

"The little indentation at the base of the thumb, which shows when you flex it, is called the 'anatomical snuff box.' That's where snuff sniffers place their stimulating powder before inhaling it. Your broken navicular is at the base of this little 'box.'

"Your arm will have to go into plaster for two months, when we will have it X-rayed again to see what progress has been made. Then it will probably have to go back into plaster for a while longer."

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.



"Dum-dum dee-di-de-di-tummm-Hum-de-di-dol . . ."

ALWAYS INSIST ON



ATHLETIC SINGLETS AND SLEEKS

PIONEER PRODUCTS

Pioneer Distributors Pty. Ltd. 134 Broadway, Sydney

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In the home for a LIFETIME



"Wikka Ware" Enamel—in finest Cromalin or Polished Aluminium—consists of 8-cup teapot, 2½pt. hot-water jug, ½pt. cream jug, sugar basin, and tray to match. Hygenic lids and Bakelite handles and knobs.

The beauty and quality of Swan Brand products can be seen at a glance—but their faultless performance and long life have to be tested to be appreciated.

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ALUMINIUM HOLLOWARE ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

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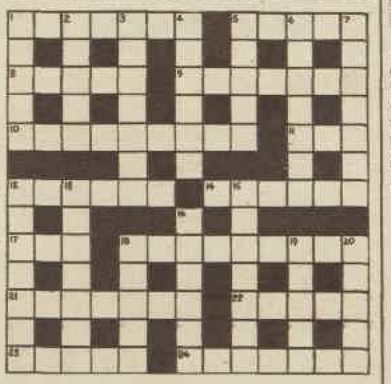
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Protect your hair against sun, surf and sea air with

MODE-O-FLEX HAIR NETTINGS

It quickly brings back the softness and sheen. Available at chemists', hairdressers', and stores.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. Dr. Hewlett Johnson. (3, 4.)
5. Hurry, looks like at teatime? (5.)
8. Be on South African highlands a trade-mark. (5.)
9. Diminished a communist and shaken Mussolini? (7.)
10. Our sin too is unfavorably known? (8.)
11. The French starts a household deity. (3)
12. Deviates from virtue with holy beams of light. (6.)
14. Enmity, probably of a cardinal? (6.)
17. Short elements of our monetary system. (9.)
18. Mail stunt. (Anagr. 9.)
21. Modern son of Rome. (7.)
22. Come in. (5.)
23. Clipped but very warm measure of length in a pub. (5.)
24. Shyness concerning a jumbled poem. (7.)

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Plunder in bits. (5.)
2. Cheque drawn by a doctor on the stern of a ship. (5.)
3. Growing old mainly without principal on a tree. (7.)
4. Printer's measure with a pointed missile is constricted. (6.)
5. For Ulysses and his countrymen it was a lower world. (5.)
6. Worldly but can be as cruel. (7.)
7. Lasted but has rude mixed at the end. (7.)
12. Grasping the end lives in water. (7.)
13. Beaming with joy in a dart. (7.)
15. Charms the inside of which is half donkey half horse. (7.)
16. Meal in a red inn. (6.)
18. The saint is sick and silent. (5.)
19. Rose perfume at sailor. (5.)
20. Trees can be to the point. (5.)



Solution to last week's crossword.

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Wonderful — just Wonderful

TOM PIPER

Rich **PLUM PUDDING**

NP 165

TOM PIPER — THE NAME OF GOODNESS

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Ah! just the idea for Xmas ____

AN IDEAL GIFT FOR ONLY 13/-



RICHARD HUDNUT HOME PERMANENT GIVES YOU

Naturally Carefree Curls

YOU CAN SET AND FORGET

Curls that Defy Dampness, Sun, Heat, Dryness, Cold. ____

Only Richard Hudnut Home Permanent has the 22% more effective **Creme Waving Lotion** that gives you softer, more manageable, more natural-looking curls and waves than any other home permanent. And only Richard Hudnut Home Permanent has **Neutraliser Booster,** the amazing secret Hudnut ingredient that actually **weatherproofs** your hair and locks in your wave as never before . . . the curl is stronger, your set lasts longer—even on damp, humid summer days in town, in the country or at the beach! It is truly a wave you can SET and FORGET!

Buy the economical Richard Hudnut Home Permanent REFILL. You can use it with any plastic curlers—it has everything else you need. *At all chemists and selected department stores* . . . **13/-**



Richard Hudnut home permanent refill

and for *EASIER, QUICKER* home perms

Richard Hudnut *whirl-a-wave curlers*



The new, improved spinning-type Whirl-a-Wave Curlers make all other curlers old-fashioned.

Flexible: made of a new kind of flexible plastic that won't break as easily as ordinary plastic . . . work perfectly with various-sized curls, from small to plump—lock closer to the head than any other curler.

Sure-grip, non-slip tongue: prevents end-papers from slipping, holds hair secure while winding. Each box contains 40 Whirl-a-Wave flexible, spinning curlers with the non-slip tongue, and 10 special short-strand curlers for awkward, wispy neckline hairs **22/6.**

HP1K.FP



Bring out the *Lovelights* in your hair

Richard Hudnut egg creme SHAMPOO

gives it a Beautiful, Lustrous Sheen

Its secret, of course, is egg, which makes the hair so much more manageable; brings out the lovelights in your hair. See how much easier your perm will take—how much longer your perm will last—how much more alluring your hair will become.

4-oz. bottle . . . 5/6; 8-oz. bottle . . . 9/10.

It's Concentrated—32 SHAMPOOS FROM EACH 8-oz. BOTTLE.



Richard Hudnut creme rinse hair conditioner

Amazingly effective re-conditioner . . . a boon to sun or wind damaged hair. Wonderful for keeping hair free of tangles . . . comb slips through easily . . . hair gleams with polished loveliness . . . strengthens your perm or natural wave. **4-oz. bottle 5/6; 8-oz. bottle . . . 9/10.**



Richard Hudnut dandruff treatment

Proved in the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York, it works wonders two ways—as a germicide, clearing away stubborn dandruff . . . as a refreshant, stimulating scalp circulation, keeping hair and scalp fragrant and healthy. **8-oz. bottle . . . 7/6.**



Richard Hudnut creme hair dressing

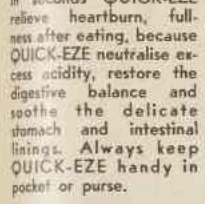
Delicately perfumed and rich in lanolin, but not sticky or greasy. Gives you true "salon" grooming at home . . . your hair stays beautifully set and lustrous all day. **4-oz. bottle . . . 5/6.**

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4384725

HOW TO
EAT WHAT YOU LIKE



Frightened to eat your favourite dish? Get a handy pack of QUICK-EZE and go for your life! In seconds QUICK-EZE relieve heartburn, fullness after eating, because QUICK-EZE neutralise excess acidity, restore the digestive balance and soothe the delicate stomach and intestinal linings. Always keep QUICK-EZE handy in pocket or purse.



take
QUICK-EZE
for
INDIGESTION
AND FEEL FIT AS A FIDDLE

F2W.81

Worth Reporting

WITH the price of coffee soaring round ten shillings a pound, it is a wonder more people, particularly in Queensland, do not grow their own as a backyard hobby.

Agriculturalists say it has died as an industry in Queensland because, despite the high price, the yield per acre is in no way comparable with the returns of vegetable crops or of dairying.

Another problem is labor, which, in Australia, would make the cost of harvesting millions of small berries prohibitive.

But there seems to be no reason why the average Queensland household should not produce enough coffee for its own use.

Although it is said coffee only thrives 2000 feet above sea level, Buderim Mountain, where it was once cultivated commercially in Queensland, is only 500 feet above sea level.

There are also some remarkably healthy coffee bushes in and around Brisbane, but it is unlikely that it would grow south of there.

The six bushes that would supply the coffee needs of a normal household would make an ornamental showing with their evergreen leaves, yellow blossoms, and bright berries.

Particulars for treatment after harvesting are obtainable from the Department of Agriculture, Brisbane.

The only species of coffee grown in Australia is Cafea arabica, indigenous to Abyssinia. Plants can be obtained from most nurserymen in Brisbane.



"Hello, Sylvia? This is Fran. Just wanted to hear the sound of a human voice."

REMEMBER those prophecies that we would one day be eating seven-course meals in capsule form?

Well, we haven't reached the food stage yet, but we're on our way.

A Melbourne firm is putting on the market sun-tan oil, insect repellent, and lighter fluid in colorful gelatine capsules.

* * *

Butcher's shop has glamor

ONE of Australia's most up-to-date butcher's shops is in Ashburton, Victoria. It is as sterile as an operating theatre and as attractive as a beauty parlor.

It is laid out as a delicatessen with showcase refrigerators, and features a mosaic-tiled floor in graduated shades of green. On the walls large mirrors alternate with tiny vases.

Bright red lettering advertises the meat on sale.

There are no chopping blocks. All meat is cut in the back chamber and wheeled through on a stainless steel "auto tray."

The shelves and bins are stainless steel, and only butcher's paper is used for wrapping.

Christmas party for disabled people

A HAPPY party will be held in Sydney on December 10, when members of the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association gather to celebrate Christmas.

Vice-president of the Association, Miss Hazel Napier Thomson, told us that transport of members, who are all disabled, to the party is well organised.

Members who have hand-control cars will pick up those who normally cannot get out. Others will arrive in their invalid motor tricycles.

Mutual assistance like this is the keynote of the association's work.

* * *

Schoolboy actors in Sydney play

BUDDING schoolboy actors having their first fling on the boards in "Emil and the Detectives," Sydney's Mercury Theatre's school holiday play, are having a bit of trouble with their appetites.

Toffee apples, sausages, and sandwiches are all-important props in the play, and the children, aged between 11 and 14, have several opportunities to eat on the stage.

During rehearsals, producer Leila Blake had a job explaining which foods were real and which were papier mache.

Her words had certainly gone home by the first performance.

As various members of the cast unwrapped their packages at the required stages of action, those in the wings noticed that nearly all the sandwiches had been reduced to crusts.

The boys had munched out the centres while they were waiting for their cues, but, being seasoned troupers after eight weeks of rehearsals, they had wrapped up the remains for use on the stage.



"Frank, what was the name of those people who used to live next door—the ones with the dachshund?"

Delos and Dennis

THE Swedish motor vessel Delos, which arrived in Sydney recently, had a lot in common with the youngest passenger, Dennis Johansson.

Elsinore, Denmark, saw the launching of Delos and the birth of Dennis, who both have future links with Australia.

Delos is a year old and Dennis is eight months old.

Owners of Delos, Mr. and Mrs. Folke Hillerstrom, were on board, and so were Dennis' parents, Chief Officer and Mrs. Eskil Johannson.

There the comparison ends. M.V. Delos has 6700 tons displacement, while Dennis is round the 18lb. mark.

Delos will ply between Australia and the Far East and Dennis will live here.

* * *

ONE of the criticisms of television seems to be that you can't do anything else while you watch it.

A wide-awake knitting-wool manufacturer in Britain, probably thinking that his sales will drop now that so many erstwhile knitters own T.V. sets, is bringing out a series of leaflets entitled "View as you knit."

The leaflets give simple designs worked in smooth stocking-stitch—one row plain and one row purl—which knitters can do without looking at their work.

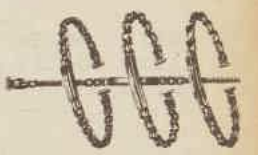


Similarly . . .

A FINE WATCH DESERVES A FINE HANDLEY BAND

Your watch is undoubtedly your most important jewellery accessory. Pay it the compliment of a fine Handley band, to emphasize its beauty and keep it positively safe forever.

Only a Handley watchband has the "GEMATIC" CLASP, the ingeniously designed, precision engineered clasp which opens and closes in a twinkling, yet locks with perfect security. Choose from 24 exquisite styles for men and women at your jeweller's today.



WATCHBANDS AND BRACELETS BY
Handley
See the range of "artist-styled" Handley watchbands and bracelets at your jeweller's.

PICTURE OF A
Grafton FASHION HANKIE
smiling up from the ironing board

FOR THE 25th TIME



Levers Wash-Tests show that Grafton hankies retained all their original color-lustre after 25 test launderings.

But Grafton hankies are guaranteed for at least 50 launderings and you'll find they're still good for countless more.

Give Grafton Hankies for Christmas

Ask for Grafton Hankies by name at all good stores. GH5

LONDON TALK

By Michael Plant

TO mark the 1000th performance of Australian Hugh Hastings' "Seagulls Over Sorrento," London's longest-running play, impresario Hugh Beaumont gave a glamorous party at the Ivy Restaurant.

Dames Edith Evans and Sybil Thorndike and John Gielgud were among the distinguished guests, but Mr. Hastings very nearly wasn't.

By an oversight no invitation was sent to him, but, discovering by mere chance that the party was on, he "gate-crashed."

* * *

BEFORE the Duchess of Kent went on her Eastern tour she ordered a Christmas party dress for her daughter, Princess Alexandra.

It was a simple affair in lemon organza, with a blue sash and plain, high-necked top—in fact, a very suitable dress for a 16-year-old.

The Princess thought differently. The minute her mother left she flew to the telephone, told the dressmaker, Mr. Popper, that the Duchess had changed her mind, and ordered a black evening dress with a slim skirt and deep V-neck—and no sash.

* * *

WASHINGTON society dowagers — the most high-powered of their kind in the world — are in a flurry about the new First Lady of the Land, Mamie Eisenhower.

While Ike was serving at the front, Mamie, who was considered rather small-town, was never invited to their grand balls, but sat in her hotel playing canasta with other Army wives.

Now the society register is fearing that those same Army wives will become the new "ladies-in-waiting."

* * *

MAKING his stage debut at the Wellesley House school concert, ten-year-old Prince William of Gloucester appeared as one of Sir Walter Raleigh's nieces in the Sheridan play "The Critic."

From under a Tudor headdress and brown wig, his voice piped very loud and clear. His mother had lent him an old pink dress for the occasion.

Be REGULAR
within 10 DAYS (without purgatives)
or Double Your Money Back!

This is all you need do . . . enjoy tasty, toasty Kellogg's All-Bran* for ten days, and drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days, you don't feel it has helped you, then just send the empty packet back to Kellogg's and you'll get **double** your money back.

All-BRAN is not a purgative. It's a wholesome, naturally regulating cereal made from the vital outer layers of wheat. Provides gentle-action bulk necessary to end constipation. Rich in Vitamin B1, B2, Calcium, Phosphorus, Niacin and Iron, Kellogg's All-Bran gives you vitality as it brings regularity—instead of purging the energy out of you. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's All-Bran right away. End constipation the way **nature** intended.

*Reg. Trade Mark

ABS2-12A

EMBARRASSING HAIR GONE
in 3 minutes!



Safeguard your glamour

You simply *must* remove under-arm hair. Do you realise how often you raise your arms when wearing a swimsuit or strapless dress? All glamour is gone instantly unless under-arms are clean. Razors make hair grow faster, scrape tender skin. But Veet gently "creams" away ugly hair from under-arms *and legs*, leaving skin velvety smooth.

VEET removes hair like magic

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Everyone's fabric – Anti-Shrink by Grafton

You can go aqua-planing in your beautiful frock of

Anti-Shrink
by
Grafton



CANNOT SHRINK
CANNOT FADE
CANNOT STRETCH

EASY TO WASH
EASIER TO DRY
EASIEST TO IRON

IT DRIES IN A FLASH
IT COULDN'T SHRINK BY A THREAD-WIDTH

Anti-Shrink by Grafton comes in a wide range of new, this-season fabrics. Buy them by the yard or in beautiful pre-tailored frocks. Every one of them can be washed as easily as any of the coloreds that go into your tub on washdays. *Even more amazing, the iron is hardly needed at all. Remember—No more dry-cleaning bills with Anti-Shrink by Grafton.*



Blouses, too, in Grafton Anti-Shrink—(by Rotilla). Frocks in all price ranges by ADELYN, COMMANDER, ROSECROFT. Housegowns and lingerie by MABRO. Little girls' frocks by MABRO, too.

Anti-Shrink by Grafton is also sold by the yard at leading stores throughout Australia



This Christmas give him
the first true

CONVERTIBLE SHIRT

FOR BUSINESS AND SPORT

BECAUSE the material is Egyptian Cotton in Anti-Shrink by Grafton, it boils well and irons easily and beautifully. Because it is tailored by Beaucaire, it is faultlessly finished — and Beaucaire has developed the revolutionary collar construction which allows the formal business-type collar to open up as a snappy sports collar. In pastel blues, fawns or greys. Also crispest white. All with strong pearl buttons.

Tailored by 'Beaucaire'
in ANTI-SHRINK by Grafton



Color-fast, they love the boil

PYJAMAS, TOO!

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Pattern for beginners

F2344.—Beginners' pattern for a very smart, easy-to-make blouse. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/-.

F2345.—A pretty, low-necked summer one-piece. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2346.—Unusual design with shaped hip pockets matching the bodice-top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F2347.—Two-piece sleeping pyjamas with braid trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and 4yds. braid. Price, 4/6.

F2348.—One-piece with contrast trim for bodice and skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4068, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.



F2349. — Skirt and waistcoat ensemble. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 354—BREAKFAST CLOTH AND SERVIETTES

An attractively designed cloth and matching serviettes with applique pieces clearly traced ready to embroider. The set is obtainable in good quality check cotton. The color choice includes yellow, white, black; red, white, black; green, white, black; blue, white, black. Size, cloth, 48in. x 48in.; serviettes 11in. x 11in. Price cloth, 19/11. Postage and registration, 1/10 extra. Serviettes 1/3 each. Postage, 3d extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 4/11 sent by registered post.

No. 355.—SMALL GIRL'S NIGHTGOWN

The pretty lace-trimmed nightgown is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral British cotton in green, lemon, blue, and pink. The lace trimming is supplied. Sizes: Length 29in. for 2 years, 16/11; 31in. for 3 years, 17/9; 33in. for 4 years, 18/6; 37in. for 5-6 years, 19/6. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

No. 356.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESSING-GOWN

The dressing-gown is obtainable cut out ready to make in a spotted British cotton. The color choice includes saxe-blue and red, both printed with a white spot. Sizes: Length 29in. for 2 years, 17/3; 31in. for 3 years, 17/11; 33in. for 4 years, 18/9; 37in. for 5-6 years, 19/11. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.

No. 357.—POT-HOLDERS

The pot-holders, which are interlined, are obtainable cut out ready to make and are designed with a contrast bias binding. The material is check gingham in red and white, green and white, blue and white. The bias binding is not supplied. Price, 1/- each. Postage, 3d. extra. Or set of four, 3/11. Postage, 7d extra.



Gifts of Fragrant Loveliness

Gemey

talcum and dusting powder

A gift of Gemey Talcum or Dusting Powder is a graceful compliment, a delightful, useful present. These gentle, finer-textured powders give luxurious after-bath comfort and freshness . . . both subtly blended with the lovely, lingering fragrance of rare Gemey perfume.





GEMEY TALCUM POWDER *in attractive, gay gift carton* 3/11

GEMEY DUSTING POWDER *in big gift box, complete with puff* 12/6

And to accentuate your loveliness

Gemey Perfume

the fragrance of enchantment with a tantalising, irresistible appeal . . . a perfume that lingers in the mind and heart and memory—unforgettably it's you. In three sizes: handbag bottle, 5/3; pedestal bottle, 16/10; and de-luxe gift bottle, 68/7.



Other Lovely Gemey Gifts

Gemey Face Powder	6/-
Gemey Lipstick	8/9
Gemey Rouge	5/6
Gemey Tissue Softening Cream	7/6
Gemey Foundation Cream	7/6
Gemey Cleansing Cream for Dry Skin	7/6
Gemey Special (Liquefying) Cleansing Cream	7/6
Gemey Brilliantine	4/6

Creations of Richard Hudnut New York • London • Paris • Sydney

G19.102

"It's grand to eat what I please again"



Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, the modern treatment for digestive disorders, brings instant relief to indigestion sufferers.

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

Alex. C. Maclean

None genuine without this design and signature.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder instantly neutralises excess acids, soothes the inflamed stomach lining, protects it, enabling it to heal. Pain after meals, flatulence, heartburn and biliousness become things of the past. You can eat anything you like and feel as good as new!

ONE DOSE *relieves that pain after meals! Start treatment today! Obtainable from all chemists.*

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF A.M.

A.M., Australia's liveliest, most intelligent magazine for men and women, has a great array of top-line features in its December issue, now on sale. Eleven articles, five short stories, three picture stories, and A.M.'s regular, exclusive departments make a bumper number.

There is also a special 8-page supplement on Australian seashores. Get your copy of the December A.M. today.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4384728

Quick n' easy week-end specials

Nourishing PROTEIN-RICH Salads and Souffles







Kraft Sunshine Salad

When Saturday's a scorcher, what could be cooler and crisper than this salad? So tempting with colour — so satisfying with protein-rich Kraft Cheddar! Simply take —

Crisp lettuce; 1 large tomato; 8 ozs. sliced Kraft Cheddar; 2 small carrots (cooked and sliced); 1 small sliced cucumber. Arrange in circular pattern, as illustrated.

As a finishing touch add the New Kraft Mayonnaise. That "wonder-flavour" makes a wonderful difference!



"This week-end beat the high cost of meat with Kraft Cheddar Salads and Souffles",

says *Elizabeth Cooke*
— Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

Every time you serve Kraft Cheddar, you're giving your family a meal richer than sirloin beef in nourishing protein, and loaded with *additional* food values you won't find in meat.

You get the vitamins A, B_2 and D, plus calories and the valuable milk minerals, calcium and phosphates. What a wonderful *bargain* in nutrition!

That true Cheddar flavour never varies, never cooks out, blends perfectly with other foods. Kraft Cheddar always melts smoothly, never goes "stringy" when cooked, is never too "rich". And there's no rind, no waste — you use every slice of this nourishing food *that costs so much less than meat.*



COOK REGULARLY WITH **KRAFT CHEDDAR**

for HIGH-PROTEIN, LOW-COST meals!

Sold everywhere in the blue 8 oz. packet or economical 5 lb. loaf. Processed and pasteurized for purity.

Kraft Cheddar Souffle

— with more nourishing protein than sirloin beef!



Pop onto the table a meltingly-golden Kraft Cheddar Souffle — a satisfying, man-sized meal — even for appetites whetted by week-end exercise!

2 tablespoons butter; 2 tablespoons flour; ¾ cup hot milk; ½ teaspoon salt; dash of cayenne; 6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar; 4 eggs. Make a sauce with the butter, flour, milk and seasonings. When thickened and smooth, add grated cheese. Stir occasionally until cheese is melted. Add beaten yolks of eggs, cool. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour into an 8 inch casserole and bake 1 hour 10 mins. in a very moderate oven. Serve at once. Serves four.



Quick Grill for breakfast!

For week-end breakfasts — bubbling hot toasted Kraft Cheddar. So simple to prepare — the children can give you breakfast in bed. A *hearty* breakfast!

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Pretty FOR PARTIES ***

The hostess who serves one or more of these luscious-looking sweets at her next party can be sure of pleasing her guests. Even the not-so-confident cook should, with care, be able to make them.



REFRESHING sweets illustrated above are good to eat and pretty to look at. They include pineapple party cake, strawberry chiffon pie, fruited ice-cream pavlovas, and rhubarb fantasy.

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

DESPITE their glamorous look, these sweets are inexpensive to make. Some are reasonable enough to feature in every-day menus.

All spoon measurements are level.

PINEAPPLE PARTY CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 4oz. arrowroot or cornflour, 2oz. self-raising flour, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 2 tablespoons milk. Filling and Decoration: Three-quarters cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons cornflour, pinch salt, ½ cup tinned pineapple juice, 1 dessertspoon grated lemon rind, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, sweetened and thoroughly chilled whipped cream, angelica, toasted almonds, and raisins or pieces of chocolate to decorate.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar. Add beaten egg-yolks, mix well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients, then milk, and lastly stiffly beaten egg-whites. Mix thoroughly, divide between two greased 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, then carefully split each one in halves crosswise. Prepare filling, assemble cake, and serve in wedges.

Filling: Blend cornflour with pineapple juice, add sugar, salt, lemon rind, and juice. Stir constantly until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer 3 minutes. Cool and chill. To assemble cake, join with chilled pineapple filling and whipped cream between the layers. Spread top with whipped cream and arrange flower pattern, using angelica for stems and leaves, almonds for petals, and raisins or chocolate pieces for flower centres.

STRAWBERRY CHIFFON PIE

One 8in. pastry-case, cooked and cooled, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1½ teaspoons gelatine softened in ¼ cup cold water, 4 extra tablespoons sugar, 1 cup chopped strawberries, 3 or 4 tablespoons cream (may be omitted), whipped cream and extra strawberries to decorate.

Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat yolks with sugar, lemon rind, and lemon juice. Stir over gently boiling water until sugar is dissolved and mixture slightly thickened. Remove from heat, add softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add extra sugar, and continue beating until sugar is dissolved. Fold into cooled gelatine, then fold in strawberries. If cream is used, it should be added at this stage. Fill into pastry-cases, chill until set. Just before serving, decorate edge with whipped cream and extra strawberries.

FRUITED ICE-CREAM PAVLOVAS

Three egg-whites, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon cream of tartar, ¾ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, squeeze lemon juice, any desired coloring, ice-cream (bought or home-made), cooked fruit such as peaches, cherries, or any of the berries.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt and cream of tartar. Gradually add sugar and continue beating until mixture holds its shape and stands in peaks and sugar is dissolved. Add vanilla, lemon juice, and coloring if used. Spoon or pipe into six rings on greased oven tray, hollow centre of each slightly with back of a spoon. Bake 50 to 60 minutes in slow oven or until dry, crisp, and lightly browned. Loosen meringues from tray with flexible knife, allow to cool. Meringues may be made well ahead of time if stored in an airtight tin to keep them crisp. Arrange cold meringues on serving-platter, or individual dishes, just before serving time, fill with small scoops of ice-cream, and spoon fruit over top, or serve fruit in separate bowl.

RHUBARB FANTASY

Half-cup sugar, scant ¼ cup water, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1lb. rhubarb (1 large bunch), ½ to ¾ cup shredded coconut, food coloring, 3 oranges, 1 or 2 bananas, lemon juice.

Bring sugar and water to boil in saucepan, add orange rind. Pour over rhubarb, cut into 1in. lengths, and place in ovenware dish. Cover and bake in moderate oven until just tender but not broken. Allow to cool, chill. Color coconut by placing in a screw-top jar with a few drops of food coloring and shaking until all coconut is evenly colored. Peel oranges and bananas, drenching bananas with lemon juice to preserve color. Arrange sliced orange around edge of serving-dish, fill centre with rhubarb and banana, decorate with coconut. Serve rhubarb syrup separately.

FRUIT SALAD SURPRISE

Half-pint sweetened custard (made with eggs or custard powder), ½ pint cream, 4 teaspoons gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 packet pineapple jelly, 1¾ cups boiling water, 1½ cups fruit salad, extra cream or ice-cream.

Mix custard and cream smoothly and evenly. Fold in gelatine softened in cold water and dissolved over boiling water. Pour half the custard into a wetted mould, chill until firm. Dissolve jelly in boiling water, then mix jelly and fruit salad together and spoon carefully into mould on top of custard. When set, add balance of custard, chill until firm. Serve with cream or ice-cream.

ORANGE WINE SNOW

One packet orange jelly crystals, 1¼ cups hot water, ½ cup sherry, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 egg-whites, 2 egg-yolks, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, vanilla.

Dissolve the jelly crystals in the hot water. Cool slightly, add sherry and lemon juice. Cool until beginning to thicken, then whip with a rotary-beater until fluffy. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into serving-dish or mould, chill until firm. Beat egg-yolks with milk, sugar, and salt. Stir over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Allow to become cold, add vanilla, then chill. Serve with orange wine snow.

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Amazing new discovery kills indoor smells

It's the wick that does the trick



FOR HOME AND OFFICE

Only **Air-wick** contains

Chlorophyll

...the miracle-working substance nature uses to keep trees and grass fresh and green, plus 125 other compounds used by nature

Air-wick is the marvellous new discovery that kills smells as if by magic. Just unscrew the cap, pull up the wick, and place above the source of the smell. All disagreeable smells vanish. And Air-wick is *not* a disinfectant, it doesn't merely cover up one smell with another, because . . . *Air-wick is the only air-freshener sold in Australia that contains Chlorophyll, plus 125 other compounds as used by nature.* It actually *kills* smells in the air — boiling cabbage, burning fat, stale tobacco. It freshens the air in stuffy halls; bathrooms; musty, unlived-in rooms.

Money-back guarantee. If, after using Air-wick according to instructions, you are not satisfied, return the partly used bottle and you will be reimbursed.

Air-wick is the ONLY *air-freshener sold in Australia which is also sold in the U.S.A. and England. It is regularly used in over 11,000,000 American homes.*

Air-wick

Costs less than one penny per day to use

At all chemists, grocers, hardware and general stores

DISTRIBUTED BY HORLICKS PTY. LTD., SYDNEY

A3

Peach sherbet wins £5

• A rich fruit sherbet wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.



CONSOLATION prizes are awarded for a recipe for a new way of serving cod fillets and for an easy-to-make teacake with a date and banana filling.

Have you entered our popular recipe contest lately? Write your favorite recipe clearly in ink, attach your full name and address (including State) to each page, and send to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

All spoon measurements are level.

PEACH SHERBET

Half cup pulped tinned peaches, ½ cup milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla essence, ½ cup chopped marshmallows, 2 tablespoons chopped crystallised or drained cherries, ½ pint whipped cream.

Blend half the sugar with flour and salt, gradually add milk, stir until boiling, simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Pour slowly on to egg beaten with remaining sugar, mix well, cool. Add peaches, cherries, vanilla, and chopped marshmallows. Lastly, fold in whipped cream, freeze in refrigerator trays. When thickened but not quite firm, stir once to mix fruit evenly through, continue freezing until firm.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Douglas, Louis St., Annerley, South Brisbane.

PEACH SHERBET topped with chopped nuts and glace cherries and served with wafer biscuits makes a delicious finish to a summer dinner. See main prize-winning recipe.

BASRA TEACAKE

Three ounces butter or substitute, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ cup flour, 1 cup self-raising flour (or use 1½ cups flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder), pinch salt.

Filling: Half cup chopped dates, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 mashed banana.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg, beat well. Sift flours and salt; fold in, making a stiff mixture. Spread half over base of greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Prepare filling. Stir dates and lemon juice over gentle heat until softened. Add banana and spread over cake mixture. Cover with remaining cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. When cold, dust top with icing-sugar.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Martin, 113 Ninth Ave., Campsie, N.S.W.

SAVORY COD

One and a half pounds cod fillets, 1 bay leaf, ½ teaspoon allspice, pepper, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon each of chopped parsley and lemon juice, 1 cup medium-thickness white sauce, 2 tomatoes, breadcrumbs, shortening.

Cut fish into service-sized pieces, cover with water, bring to boiling point. Drain. Cover again with cold water, add bay leaf, allspice, pepper, and vinegar. Simmer 8 to 10 minutes until fish is tender. Drain, carefully remove skin. Place fish pieces in greased oven-proof dish. Add parsley and lemon juice to white sauce, pour over fish. Add a layer of sliced, skinned tomatoes. Cover with breadcrumbs, dot with shortening. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Garnish with lemon and parsley. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Carson, 25 Toohey Ave., Westmead, N.S.W.

As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Use your head to save your feet on December 11 and work wonders. Should December 13 and 14 hand you a tangled skein, unravel it and begin all over again.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): Hoping to get something for nothing on December 10? Perhaps, but you may be obliged to pay in time and energy. December 13 not up to expectations.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): December 10 is likely to mark a fresh chapter in personal relationships. Old friends vanish, new ones arrive. December 15 for new interests and activities.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Those Cancer natives who have run out of patience and want to revolutionise their routine, home, or occupation should wait till after December 9; December 12 does the trick.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Social arrangements made December 9 refuse to pan out. Trust to the inspiration of the moment on December 12 and find the week-end absolutely tip-top.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): In a bit of a whirl on December 10 and 11? Too much on the agenda? It should work out quite happily, with December 15 speeding up the merry-go-round.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Watching the letter-box? Listening for a telephone to ring? December 10 should have the answer. The afternoon of December 14 could turn you into an explorer.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Handle for yourself problems which arise on December 12, using your head rather than your heart. December 14 may produce a tempest in a teapot.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Most of you should have a good run with any undertaking on December 9. The morning of December 13 is deceptive in regard to business affairs.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Take out that hidden worry and examine it closely on December 11. There is nothing in it that hard work can't remedy. December 12 for action and decision.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Attend to details, leaving no stone unturned on December 9. Then December 12 won't jolt you and December 14 will roll along according to schedule.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): A magic carpet on December 12 could waft you to your destination. Be content with modest success and don't try your luck too far on December 13.

Kitchen notions

HERE'S a surprise treat for the family. Next time you coat a plain butter cake with coconut icing, smear surface of cake with strawberry or raspberry jam before covering with the icing.

* * *

REMOVING a tight-fitting screw top can be exasperating. Try gripping the lid of the jar with a piece of coarse sandpaper—the lid should unscrew quickly and easily.

* * *

CHEESED potato chips are a delightful change. Prepare potato chips as usual and when cooked and drained sprinkle with finely grated cheese and glaze under griller or in the oven.

* * *

TRY this appetising breakfast or supper dish. Combine 1 to 1½ cups white sauce, 1 to 1½ dessertspoons curry powder, 1 tablespoon fruit chutney, and 4 chopped hard-boiled eggs. Season, serve hot.

OUR GARDENING SERVICE

READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Any ONE of the following titles may be selected:

- How to Grow Good Chrysanthemums.
- Spring and Summer Care of Roses.
- How to Grow Good Dahlias.
- What to Grow to Fill the Salad Bowl.

Name of leaflet (one only)

.....

Stamped (3½d.), addressed envelope is enclosed.



Enjoy **HEINZ HOLIDAY FARE**



quick 'n easy Holiday meals

More fun for Mum and everyone with HEINZ *ready-to-serve* **FOODS**



Heinz Tomato Soup . . . richer, thicker, creamier

Heinz Green Peas with that "just-picked" flavour!

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti, Australia's most popular brand



Heinz Macaroni in Meat Sauce, a meal in itself

Heinz Vegetable Salad, a complete salad, all ready-to-serve

Heinz oven-baked Beans in rich, true tomato flavoured sauce



Heinz Mayonnaise, smooth and tangy — just "makes" a salad

Heinz Soups, all 57 of them, for "Variety" holiday menus

Heinz Tomato Sauce — made from Heinz "Aristocrat" tomatoes



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Give them today's BIGGEST

BREAKFAST BARGAIN!





CRISPER FLAKES! LIVELIER FLAVOUR!

24 big breakfasts in every large packet!



KELLOGG'S DATE SLICES

Tuck these in the kiddies' lunchbox! Great for afternoon tea, too!

2 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes; 1½ cups chopped dates; ¼ cup sugar; ¼ cup water; ¼ cup orange juice; grated rind of 1 orange; 2 cups sifted self-raising flour; ¼ teaspoon salt; 1 cup shortening; 1 cup brown sugar; ½ cup milk; ½ teaspoon powdered cinnamon.

Simmer sugar, water, orange juice and rind with dates until mixture forms a thick smooth paste, then cool. Cream shortening and brown sugar. Add milk, crushed Corn Flakes, sifted flour, salt and cinnamon, mixing evenly. Roll mixture thinly on lightly floured board. Spread one half with date mixture. Cover with unspread paste, pressing layers firmly together. Brush surface with milk or water and sprinkle with sugar. Cut into 2-inch squares and bake on greased trays in moderately hot oven for 15 to 20 minutes.

You get value you can add up in real money when you serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes. You give your family *more* than the crunchiest, most delicious breakfast cereal of all. There's *deep-down* goodness in every spoonful! Enough energy-value to keep everyone going full speed 'til lunch—and compare the cost per serve with what you would have to pay for meat, eggs and bacon these days!

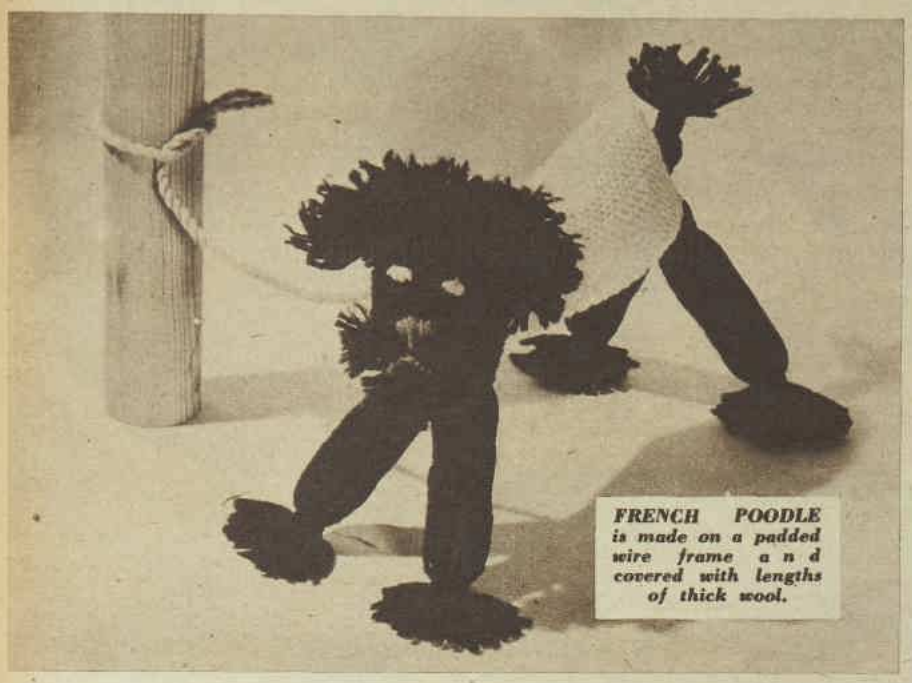
Only 30 seconds to serve—no dirty pans or grillers to wash with these big, golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

* Scientists have proved that one serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and bread and butter (or toast) gives you *one third* of your daily food needs.

Kellogg's
MOTHER KNOWS BEST

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4384732

Three Christmas gifts for children



FRENCH POODLE is made on a padded wire frame and covered with lengths of thick wool.

Children would be delighted to find this cute French poodle in their Christmas stockings or ticketed and tied to the base of the Christmas tree.

MAKE him in bright colors and work a funny face for added amusement.

Materials: 2ozs. Patons "Totem" knitting wool — brown (shade 3400); small quantity Patons "Beeshive" fingering 3-ply—Patonised—yellow (shade 3037); small quantity each pale green, blue, and red (this is the only wool which should be used); 2 small brown buttons; 44in. strong wire; 1 pair No. 7 knitting needles.

TO MAKE UP

Cut two pieces of wire 16in. long (to form front legs, body, and back legs), one piece 12in. long (to form head, body, and tail).

Cut 50 strands of brown totem wool 17in. long (when cutting, do not stretch wool).

Bind firmly to front leg, leaving about 1in. to form foot, take along body, down back leg, and bind as front leg. Bind at both ends of body to hold firmly. Make other leg in same manner. If desired, wire can be padded with cotton wadding and covered with tape.

For head, take a piece of cardboard 4½ inches wide, wind wool around 110 times (220 strands). Before taking off cardboard, tie at both ends, bind to wire. Cut and embroider as illustrated.

RUG

Measurements: 4½in. wide; 5in. long (to neck). With yellow wool and No. 7 needles, cast on 24 sts. and work in g-st. for 4½in.

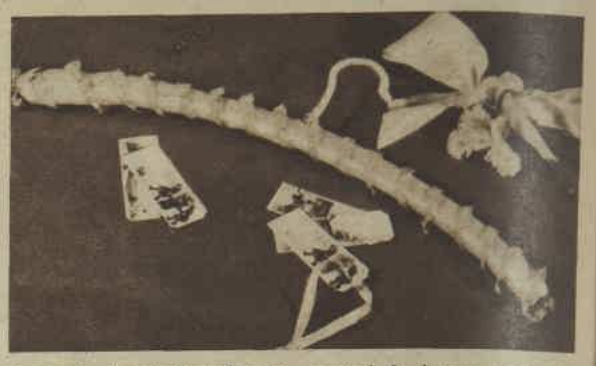
Next Row: K 6 sts., cast off 12 sts., k 6 sts.

Work 8 rows on rem. 6 sts. Cast off.

Join in wool at other end and work to correspond.

Sew to toy. Sew on two small brown buttons. With small pieces of pale green wool, make cord for lead.

A SMALL wooden coat-hanger covered in pink or blue ribbon and a frill of lace makes an ideal gift for a baby (see right).



Materials: One wooden coat-hanger; ¼yd. cotton wadding; 2yds. ribbon 1in. wide; 3yds narrow lace edging, or enough to gather along one edge of ribbon; 1-3rd yd. narrow ribbon for hook.

To Make: Cover hanger with cotton wadding and stitch. Wind length of narrow ribbon around hook and stitch to wadding. Gather and stitch lace along one edge of ribbon. Run a gathering thread along the lace-trimmed edge of ribbon for 1½in. and draw up into a circle. Place this over one end of hanger and stitch. Wind the ribbon around the hanger so that the lace edge overlaps the previous edge, and stitch at intervals. Draw other end into a circle and finish off.



A LIGHT, small box mounted on two coat-hangers makes this doll's cradle.

See that the box is free of splinters and loose nails, and sandpaper the wood smooth. Nail a piece of wood down the middle of the box base. Remove the hooks from the coat-hangers, then nail the coat-hangers to the piece of wood running down the middle of the box base. Give the cradle and the rockers a coating of glossy white paint. Pad the inside of the cradle with wadding and cover it with lining material.

'ASPRO' Does What It Claims!



-and here are 'ASPRO' claims

1— It stops headache in a few minutes.
2— It is a proven and quick relief from colds and 'flu and reduces feverishness.
3— It relieves nagging rheumatic pains.
4— It stops pain without harm to the heart.
5— It relieves toothache and neuralgia.
6— It makes a splendid gargle for sore throats.
7— It relieves muscular and nerve pains, lumbago and sciatica.
8— It soothes away irritability and removes causes of sleeplessness.
9— It is a wonderful help to women.
10— It is perfectly safe for ALL the family.
11— It can be taken frequently without causing a habit or creating a craving.
12— It acts swiftly, with certainty and safety, and can be taken anywhere, any time.

Nicholas Product

AI-52

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PIRATE-PINK SHAWL

There's an air of elegance and a feeling of luxury about this feather-light shawl. It offers endless opportunities for wear, and you can crochet it in the space of a few hours.

HERE are the directions for making the shawl:

Materials: 4oz. Patons "Beehive" Fingering 2-ply — "Patonised" — beauty-pink, shade 1061 (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 bone crochet hook, No. 10.

Measurements: Width across top sliing length down centre, 35in. Tension: 2 patts. equal 1¼in. width slightly stretched.

Com. at top, make a loose ch. approx. 40in. in length, rn, 1 d.c. in first ch., * 12 ch., sl-st into 2nd ch. from om. (this will now be rmed "loop" throughout), 2 ch., miss 2 ch., sl-st into 3rd ch., rep. om * to end of row. (6 loops.)

2nd Row: Turn, 9 ch., sl-st into first loop, * loop, sl-st into top of loop of previous row, rep from * to end of row.

Rep. 2nd row sixteen times.

Dec. 1 loop at end of rst and every fol. row until 15 decs. have been made.

Dec. 2 loops at each end of very row for 3 rows by picking up the 2 loops tog.

Dec. 3 loops at each end of very row for 5 rows by picking up the 3 loops tog.

Next Row: Work 3 ch. in very loop to end of row. Fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

With a slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Make a fringe round edge as illustrated, making each tassel 4in. in length and 20 threads and placing them 3in. apart.



FRINGE-EDGED SHAWL is crocheted in pink wool — a flattering night color. The shawl can be worn in a dozen different ways. Lined with chiffon, it would be a most suitable gift for a friend in hospital.

Pincushion for teenager

Snippings of vivid taffeta or velvet, organdie, and lace are the cost-you-nothing requirements for this dainty but useful trifle for a young girl's dressing-table.

A CUSHION to match for bed or chair decoration could also be quickly made.

Here are the directions:

Material: A piece of taffeta, or other suitable material, and a piece of organdie, each 11in. by 5½in.; ½yd. white lace, ¾in. wide; white lace motif; cotton wadding for stuffing.

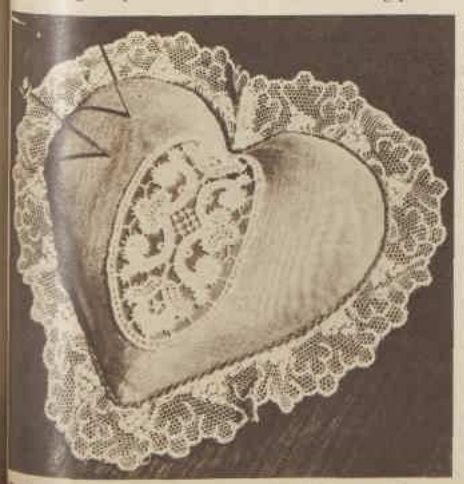
Make full-scale pattern from diagram in which 1 square equals 1in. and the arrow marks the straight grain of fabric; ¼in. seams are allowed all round.

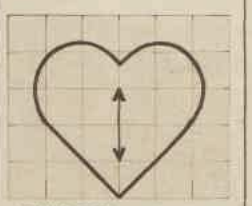
Cut two sections by pattern in taffeta and 2 sections in organdie.

Place the 2 taffeta sections together, stitch round seamline, leaving a 2in. opening. Turn right side out, stuff tightly with wadding, and slip-stitch opening.

Baste the lace motif in centre of one organdie section. Applique motif and cut away organdie at back of motif. Pin this organdie piece in position over half of taffeta pad. Stitch lightly just below seamline.

Turn under seam allowance round remaining organdie section and stitch. Gather and stitch lace edging in position. Twist six strands of embroidery thread to form a very narrow cord and sew around heart outline of cushion.





TEENAGER who likes pretty things for her dressing-table will love a heart-shaped pincushion like this one (left). Above is a diagram to help you make a pattern for it.

We got a new living room for £40

CANE-ITE Walls £20
CANE-ITE Ceiling £9

CARPENTER, £5 • PAINT, £4 • INCIDENTALS, £2





This is how it looked before we took to the walls and ceilings. I had gone to all the expense of new curtains and new covers for the lounge suite. But these beautiful new covers just couldn't hide the cracks in the ceiling and walls.



"Our new walls and ceiling actually cost less than the new linen covers for the suite and the curtains. We hired a carpenter just for one day to help John with the Cane-ite ceiling, although John said afterwards he could have done it himself. I believe him—because in one weekend he covered our terrible old walls with smart new Cane-ite."

You insulate as well as decorate with Cane-ite. Keeps out Summer heat and Winter cold. Cane-ite is easy to handle because it comes in 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12 feet lengths—each length available in 3 and 4 feet widths. You can paint Cane-ite in any finish. It's white-ant proofed.

You can have a choice of three finishes



1. Natural suede-like finish.
2. Ivory Cane-ite — better light reflection.
3. Primed Cane-ite which requires no base coat — actual final color of paint can go straight on.

Insulate as well as decorate with

CANE-ITE
for WALLS and CEILINGS

Available at Hardware Stores and Timber Merchants

Manufactured by
THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
Building Materials Division
SYDNEY, MELBOURNE, BRISBANE, TOWNSVILLE
ADELAIDE, PERTH



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Monica Sharp of Victoria won £100 first prize for colouring this page!



On August 6th, H.M.V. invited all the children of Australia to colour-in their Christmas advertisement, for £400 worth of prizes. Over 8,000 entries have been received, first prize being awarded to Monica Sharp (15), of Traralgon, Victoria.

Full list of prize winners in 'H.M.V.' Christmas advertisement colouring competition are listed on next page.

Every home can have that new H.M.V. for Christmas

thanks to EASIEST OF TERMS



In America the average house has three radio sets—which means real listening comfort for every member of the family. Is your home "making do" with only one set? And is your present set showing signs of age?

The problem of who wins the use of that single radio in your home when the whole family wants to listen is solved if the youngsters have their own set. 'H.M.V.' easy terms makes this easily possible . . . Even a teenager can afford the shillings for the weekly payments.

If you haven't listened to a new radio for several years you'll be astonished by the wonderful performance that a modern radio is able to give you these days.

A small deposit brings immediate delivery of any of these 'H.M.V.' radios.



The Hallmark of Quality

H.M.V. is closely related to the retailer who sells you your instrument Because of our nation-wide organisation we are in constant touch with even the most remote of our 'H.M.V.' retailers. Only retailers with the highest reputations for service and courtesy are selected to sell "His Master's Voice". This close co-operation between 'H.M.V.' and your local retailer is your lasting guarantee of utmost service.

"Little Nipper" powerful 5-valve Mantel Radio. Broadcast or dual-wave models. Coloured cream, green, brown or burgundy.



"Nippergram" five-valve A.C. dual-wave Radiogram. Provides finest reproduction from radio and records.



Model B61D five-valve Portable for beach, picnic, party and permanent every-day use. In sparkling two-colour contrasts.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

The Gramophone Company Ltd. (Inc. in England), Homebush, N.S.W.

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Announcing the 304 PRIZE WINNERS in "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" Christmas Advertisement Colouring Competition

FIRST PRIZE, £100 *Winning entry appears on opposite page*

MONICA SHARP, 43 GREY ST., TRARALGON, VICTORIA.

THREE £50 PRIZES — ONE FOR EACH AGE GROUP



13-16 SECTION:
Valda Hodgson,
8 Chester Street,
WESTMEAD, N.S.W.



8-12 SECTION:
John Pratt,
SANDY CREEK,
SOUTH AUSTRALIA



7 AND UNDER SECTION:
Heather Cuthbertson,
Lower Tivoli,
IPSWICH, QUEENSLAND

200 PRIZES OF £1 EACH

13-16 SECTION

NEW SOUTH WALES: Anthony ..., Neutral Bay; Jennifer ..., Armidale; Leslie Davies, ...; Barbara Page, Gordon; ... Lee, Wrotte; Rosemary Relf, ...; Reginald Peek, Kensington; Ruth Hann, Eastwood; Judith ..., Ashfield; Paula Mallinson, ... West; James M. Greig, ...; Glenda Davis, Arncliffe; ... Rees, Dry Plain; Roger Fender, Lismore; Norman Reynolds, ...; Colin Clarke, Inverell. **VICTORIA** Clifford Purdy, East ...; Helen Sadgrove, McKinnon; ... Seeber, Pascoe Vale; Valda ..., Ballarat; Donald Batchelor, ...; Rosemary Crooks, Bentleigh; Neville Derbyshire, Heidelberg; Margaret Blyth, Box Hill; ... Greensborough; Geelong; Shirley ..., Hawthorn; Margaret Papworth, Red Cobourg; Lois Parmiter, ...; Valerie McGrath, Traralgon; ... White, Canterbury; Ian ..., Essendon; Bradley Ross, ...; Mara Skuja, Ballarat; Pauline Devereaux, Traralgon; ... Turner, Glen Iris. **QUEENSLAND:** Gracie Barbagallo, Ingham; John Best, Rockhampton; Robert Prickett, Manly; ... Gehrmann, North Ipswich; ... Harvey, Bundaberg; ... Thrivill, Brisbane; Rhonda ..., Bundaberg; Bruce Johnson, Ayr; Patricia Batze, Maryborough; Colin Ottaway, Brisbane; ... Tulloch, Brisbane; Marie ..., Belmont; Gweneth Raymond, North Ipswich; Pamela Boynton, Bardon; Maxwell Newnham, ...; Pam Turner, Brisbane. **SOUTH AUSTRALIA:** Colleen ..., Semaphore; Joan ..., Woodville Park; John ..., Edwardstown; Betty Sawade, ...; Basil Pym, Wasleys; ... Ryan, Renley Beach; ... Williamson, Adelaide; Gisela ..., Lobethal; William Bowden, ...; Robert Harris, Adelaide. **WESTERN AUSTRALIA:** Glenis ..., Perth; Ursula Tonge, South ...; Natalie Watson, West ...; Patricia Thomas, South ...; Betty Olver, Harvey; Robin ..., Gosnells; Brian Thomas, ...; Davis Robson, Bibra Lake; Coralie Trembath, Jandakot; Catherine Nicholls, Nedlands; James Daniel, Nedlands; Laurie French, Victoria Park; Eric McFarland, Katanning. **TASMANIA:** Helen Davenport, Devonport; Coral Dean, Queenstown; Elaine Burgess, Smithton. **NORFOLK ISLAND:** John Edward, Taylor's Road.

8-12 SECTION

NEW SOUTH WALES: Dennis Hardy, Newcastle; John McBurney, Lismore; Wendy Booker, Petersham; Ann Rutledge, Gerogery; Pauline Klein, Concord; Elaine McCloskey, Newcastle; Gloria Myers, Aberdare; Beverly McCarren, Taree; Desmond Francis, Cronulla; Marion Carmody, Wollongong; Carolyn Dudgeon, Concord; Brian Russell, Cessnock; Ethel Blackman, Mudgee; Charles Ellen, Strathfield; Madeline Elson, Leichhardt; Judith Bosher, Cronulla; Helen Norris, Rylstone; Rosemary Ferrier, Penshurst; Peter Dobinson, Rose Bay.

VICTORIA: Graham Thomas, Essendon; Marian Boyes, Colac; Gordon M. Baird, Ballarat; Kenneth Thomson, Blackburn; Julieene Pearson, Geelong; Helen Ross, Ballarat; Margaret McEwan, Nambrok; Marie Box, Ringwood; Sandra Edwards, Ormond; Irwin Sinclair, West Preston; Barrie Taylor, Preston; Pamela Blight, Ormond; Diana Cahill, Moorabbin; Pamela Pearce, Colac; John Dow, Yinnar South; Nancy Parker, Fiskville.

QUEENSLAND: Helen George, Toowong; Patricia Linwood, Millmerran; Dawn Tuppack, Dalby; Merilyn Cochrane, Brisbane; Jeanette Beattie, Brisbane; Shirley Lavis, Brisbane; Brent King, Bundamba; Lesley Connon, Ipswich; Pamela McKay, Brisbane; Kathleen Dover, Ipswich; Robyn Harris, Ipswich; Robert Bailey, Southport; Margaret Keers, Maryborough; Judith Niebuhs, Enoggera; Coral Readdy, Brisbane; Trevor Pilling, Brisbane; Marion Bentley, Brisbane; Judith Routley, Dalby.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Trevor Vinall, Prospect; Ian Martin, Norwood; Patricia Short, Myrtle Bank; Roger Ingerson, Berri; Heather Metcalfe, Graynore; Pauline Gebhardt, Whyalla; Helen Sheehy, Largs; Enid Overland, Parkside; Pamela Jaques, Kilkenny; Richard Wright, South Payneham; Trevor Barr, Lockleys; Ronda Coudrey, Loxton.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Janet Betjeman, Perth; Joyce Walsh, North Fremantle; Anthony Wegener, Perth; Barbara Lawn, Perth; Denise Begent, Mosman Park; Raymond Thomas, Victoria Park; Jean Bain, Perth; Desmond Thomas, Subiaco; Trevor Knowles, South Perth; Neville Costello, Perth; Zoe Thomas, Subiaco; Marshall Jones, Perth.

TASMANIA: Sylvia Whatley, Longford.

UNDER 7 YEARS SECTION

NEW SOUTH WALES: John Upton, Queanbeyan; Jennifer Balmarick, Concord; Maxwell Lucas, Ashfield; Sandra Wood, Merewether; Barbara Hatherly, Merrylands; Gary Evans, Stockton; Tony Friend, Orange; Dayle Maclaren, Bulahdeiah; Sally Barnes-Cooke, Sydney; Warwick Wells, Denistone; Ronald Forge, Leeton; Henry Cavalier, Grindgila; Christopher Beeks, Bexley; Ann Gill, Woodburn; Sue McBurney, Wyrallah; Philip Booker, Petersham; Barry Francis, Cronulla; Warwick Trantum, Strathfield.

VICTORIA: Pamela Hannam, North Geelong; Jennifer Truscott, Orbost; Graeme Gordon, Glen Iris; Gwenda Thurrowgood, Camperdown; Frank Martin, Surrey Hills; Gillian Forster, Wangaratta.

QUEENSLAND: Gary Jenkin, Townsville; Valmae Arans, Ayr; Anne Sturrock, Drillham; Sheelagh Martin, Rockhampton; Peter Olsen, Bundaberg; Heather Raymond, Ipswich; Robyn Unie, Northgate.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Wayne Pearce, Hampstead Gardens; Wanda Krojelaki, Clare; Robin Martin, Norwood; Robert Williamson, Prospect; Lindsay Davis, Grange; Graeme Vinall, Prospect.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Dennis Pentony, Palmyra; Marshall Begent, Mosman Park; Barbara Lang, Wagin; Susan Lang, Wagin; Roslyn Tonge, Perth; Graham Leslie, Nedlands.

TASMANIA: Phillip Bloomfield, Kimberley.

100 PRIZES OF 10/- EACH

13-16 SECTION

NEW SOUTH WALES: Caroline ..., Arncliffe; Annette Sor..., Bankstown; Heather Templeton, ..., Hills; Kathleen Schiello, ...; Don Gardiner, Wagga ...; Elaine Chapman, Armidale; ... Driscoll, Goulburn; Alan ..., Cronulla; Donald Sul..., West Ryde; Bill Padget, Bal..., Valerie Mead, Harbord; ... le Britt, Turbul.

VICTORIA: Graeme Lawrence, ... Preston; Margaret Bloink, ...; Ramon Spagnol, Balla...; Mary Russell, Yetura; Bethne ..., Orbost; Nancy Temple, Mor...

QUEENSLAND: Diana Ferrari, ... Ingham; Dusk Ward, Bunda..., Leona Grant, Roma; Ralph ..., Booral; Jeanette Bert..., Ipswich; Horace Allen, Brisbane. **SOUTH AUSTRALIA:** Beverley ..., Whyalla; Peter Bellenger, ...; Kay Pearson, Whyalla; ..., Richard Hewitt, Blackwood; Janice ..., Adelaide; Lionel Pelsley, ...

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Maureen ..., Nantinara; Noel Costello, ...; Margaret Burbridge, Clare; ... Jennifer Harrison, Cottesloe; ..., McAuliffe, Mt. Hawthorn; ... Craft, Perth; Stella Blunden, ...; Johanna Lamond, Mid..., Marlene Nelson, Near...

TASMANIA: Lynn Atkins, Launceston; Margaret Sharman, Kimberley.

8-12 SECTION

NEW SOUTH WALES: Brian Hawke, Queanbeyan; Carole Birkett, Wollongong; Barbara Lake, Strathfield; Robyn Smith, West Ryde; Robyn Miles, Manly; Sandra Smith, Armidale; Carolyn Wood, Raymond Terrace; Kenneth Taylor, Wellington; Patricia White, Ashfield; Christine Harris, Rose Bay; Terry Ford, Katoomba; Rosaline Graves, Lindfield; Jill Moore, Beverly Hills; Ruth Finlayson, Armidale; William Wall, Mayfield; Valerie Boltano, Newtown.

VICTORIA: Gwenda Rigby, Kingower P.O.; Lynette Coup, Bentleigh; Robyn Bell, Ashburton; Sandra Healey, Melbourne; Annette Murtagh, Strathmore; Barbara Rowlands, Oakleigh.

QUEENSLAND: Carol Vinson, Brisbane; Judith Slaughter, Roma; Peter Tulloch, Brisbane.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Jennifer Tucker, Mt. Pleasant; Michael Bowden, Parkside; Pamela Pulleine, Port Adelaide.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: Eva Bond, West Midland; Desma Cull, Albany; Barbara Moore, Donnelly River.

TASMANIA: Rosemary Davenport, Devonport; Anthony Davis, St. Mary's.

UNDER 7 YEARS SECTION

NEW SOUTH WALES: Neil Horne, North Bondi; Dianne McCloskey, Newcastle; Jennifer Ellen, Strathfield; Pauline Smedley, Booleroo; Margaret Ross, Eastwood; Judith Willis, Hay; Christopher Hughes, Gurra; Robert McKenzie, Concord; Denise Bourke, Dubroby Creek.

VICTORIA: Ann Boriase, Kensington; Gail Shannon, Warrandyte.

QUEENSLAND: Dale Misfeld, Rockhampton; Ross Devencorn, Brisbane; Brian Nolan, Toowoomba; Peter Woodward, Brisbane; Geoffrey Hay, Townsville.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Mary Leonard, Mornington; Peter Hobbs, Adelaide; Margaret White, St. Mary's; Ronald Telford, Malvern; Malcolm Pym, Wasleys.

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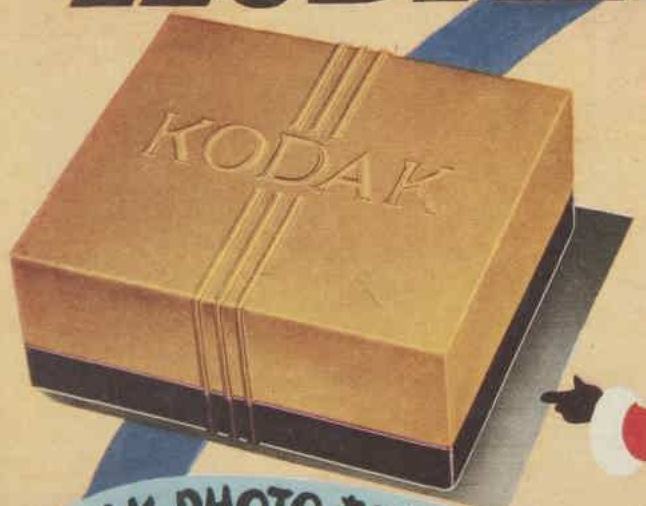


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